

MUSEUM.

FROM THE BRITISH CRITIC.

The Life and Adventures of John Nicol, Mariner.—12mo. pp. 226. Cadell. 1822.

EVERY body who has been in Edinburgh has probably seen a feeble old man, wandering about the streets, in search of the few scraps, bones, and small pieces of coal, which the kennels of that thrifty metropolis supply to the needy. One of those who has often remarked him, and who is otherwise unable to relieve his pressing wants, has done no small act of kindness to the poor veteran and to the public, by collecting from his own mouth the narrative which forms the subject matter of the pages now before us. It is not that John Nicol's life (though tinged with great variety of colour) presents more diversified adventures than that of many, perhaps of most others, who have been bred to the sea; but there is an air of truth and simplicity about his statement of the things which he has seen, *et quorum pars magna fuit*, which is irresistibly attractive. It may seem strange to praise an authentic story by assimilating it to a work of fiction; yet so natural is the manner of this volume, that we were forced to satisfy ourselves respecting the personal existence of its hero before we could quite believe that it was not a most happy imitation, in brief, of the inimitable Robinson Crusoe.

John Nicol was born in 1755, at Currie, a small village about six miles from Edinburgh. His mother died in child-bed, leaving five bairns behind her; of these two died young; one went to America and was never heard of more; the eldest was killed in action in the West Indies, after having attained the honourable rank of Lieutenant in the navy; and the hero of the present eventful story was destined to see more vicissitudes than any other of his family. In his own words, "Twice I circumnavigated the globe; three times I was in China; twice in Egypt; and more than once sailed along the whole land-board of America, from Nootka Sound to Cape Horn; twice I doubled it."

His father was a cooper, a man of talent and information, who sought to bring up John to his own trade. John, however, had read Robinson Crusoe many times over, had passed all his spare hours, during a residence at Borrowstownness, in boats, had once sailed in the Glasgow and Paisley packet from Leith to London, and longed incurably to be a sailor.

Nevertheless he was apprenticed to a cooper, and he did not abscond from his indentures. When the tedious time had expired, he entered on board the *Kent's Regard*, which, in 1776, was

stationed as a tender in the Leith Roads. Hence he was transferred, as cooper, to the *Proteus*, a twenty-gun ship, under orders for New York, with ordnance stores, and 100 troops to man the floating batteries on Lake Champlain. The magnificence of the St. Lawrence appears to have impressed him deeply, and he was much surprised by the vast floats of wood, surmounted with whole families, which glided down the river for many hundred miles. Without knowing it, he was at heart a poet.

"I can think of no pleasure more touching to the feelings, and soothing to the mind, than to lie upon the green banks, and listen to the melodious voices of the women, of a summer evening, as they row along in their batteaux, keeping time to the stroke of the oar. For hours I have lain over the breast-netting, looking and listening to them, unconscious of the lapse of time." P. 16.

Having landed their troops and stores, they sailed with convoy to the West Indies. Here he "took the country fever." Several of his shipmates died, and he himself seems to have recovered very much out of dread of the land-crabs, which he saw running through their graves. The blacks eat these loathsome animals on the principle of retaliation; for when Nicol remonstrated with them, they replied, "Why they eat me."

After a return to England, he next sailed to Newfoundland. For three weeks they neither saw sun nor sky, but lay before the harbour of St. John enveloped in fog, and unable to move. The *Proteus* became unfit for service, and was converted into a prison ship. Nicol spent eighteen months on shore, and was then ordered to join the *Surprise*, a twenty-eight gun frigate.

"On board the *Surprise* we had a rougher crew than in the *Proteus*: ninety of them were Irishmen, the rest from Scotland and England. We kept cruising about, taking numbers of the American privateers. After a short but severe action, we took the *Jason* of Boston, commanded by the famous Captain Manly, who had been commodore in the American service, had been taken prisoner, and broke his parole. When Captain Reeves hailed and ordered him to strike, he returned for answer, 'Fire away! I have as many guns as you.' He had heavier metal, but fewer men than the *Surprise*. He fought us for a long time. I was serving powder as busy as I could, the shot and splinters flying in all directions; when I heard the Irishmen call from one of the guns (they fought like devils, and the captain was fond of them upon that account,) 'Hallo, Bungas, where are you?' I looked to their gun, and saw the horns of my *study*,* across its mouth; the next moment it was through the *Jason's* side. The rogues thus disposed of my *study*, which I had been using just before the action commenced, and had placed in a secure place, as I thought, out of their reach. 'Bungas for ever!' they shouted, when they saw the dreadful hole it made in the *Jason's* side. Bungas was the name they always gave the cooper. When Captain Manly came on board the *Surprise*, to deliver his sword to Captain Reeves, the half of the rim of his hat was shot off. Our captain returned his sword to him again, saying, 'You have had a narrow escape, Manly.'—'I wish to God, it had been my head,' he replied." P. 27.

In this ship he continued without any particular incident, till she was paid off in March, 1783.

Life, and a sailor's life in particular (at least while on shore), is nothing without love; and with his prize-money and his pay in his pocket, a discharged mariner has little difficulty in procuring a

* Anvil.

bella donna. John Nicol fell in love to his heart's content with a wealthy farmer's daughter, bound with him on a stage-coach voyage from London to Newcastle.

"I felt a something uncommon arise in my breast as we sat side by side; I could think of nothing but my pretty companion; my attentions were not disagreeable to her, and I began to think of settling, and how happy I might be with such a wife." P. 40.

But all his savings were in his chest on board the Leith smack, in which, by being too late, he had lost his passage; and in order to recover his treasure, he was obliged to abandon his pretty Mary, though with a promise of return. In three weeks he *did* return, but, alas, Mary proved a jilt.

A trip to Greenland was succeeded by one to Granada. Here he learned three *Negro melodies*, which may be recommended to Sir John Stevenson's notice. The first is pathetic.

"I lost my shoe in an old canoe,
Johnio! come Winum so;
I lost my boot in a pilot boat,
Johnio! come Winum so."

The second is satirical.

"My Massa a bad man,
My Missis cry honey,
Is this the d—n niger,
You buy wi my money.
Ting a ring ting, ting a ring, tarro.

"Missis cry niger man
Do no work, but eatee;
She boil three eggs in pan,
And gi the broth to me.
Ting a ring ting, ting a ring ting, tarro."

The third is drastic and didactic. The slaves accommodate to it all their motions while at work.

"Work away, body, bo,
Work aa, jollaa."

There is quite as much meaning, and far less mischief, in these "simple songs," than in many of the warblings, Scotch, Irish, Hebrew, or National, with which the would-be musical world has of late years so unsparingly been deluged.

Nicol's next voyage was one of discovery. He engaged with Captain Portlock, in the *King George*, in 1785. At St. Jago he met with an adventure, which may be remembered as a salutary caution by those who are likely to traffic in Portugal mutton.

"The island is badly cultivated, but abounds in cattle. We exchanged old clothes for sheep, or any thing the men wanted. The Portuguese here are great rogues. I bought two fat sheep from one of them. The bargain was made, and I was going to lead away my purchase, when he gave a whistle, and my sheep scampered off to the fields. The fellow laughed at my surprise. I had a great mind to give him a beating for his trick, and take my clothes from him; but we had strict orders not to quarrel with the people on any account. At length he made a sign that I might have them again by giving a few more articles. I had no alterna-

tive but to lose what I had given, or submit to his roguery. I gave a sign I would; he gave another whistle, and the sheep returned to his side. I secured them before I gave the second price." P. 67.

Falkland Islands, Cape Horn, Slater's Land, the Sandwich Islands, and Nootka Sound were successively touched at during the voyage; but we meet with little that is new in the description of any of them. He then sailed to China. The Chinese, says Nicol, eat every thing in which there is life. Even the rats, which a Newfoundland dog was used to catch by night, were bartered for as food on the following morning. One day the Newfoundland dog bit a native boy—

"I was extremely sorry for it, and, after beating him, dressed the boy's hurt, which was not severe. I gave the boy a few casks, who went away quite pleased. In a short time after I saw him coming back, and his father leading him. I looked for squalls, but the father only asked a few hairs out from under Neptune's fore leg, close to the body; he would take them from no other part, and stuck them all over the wound. He went away content. I had often heard, when a person had been tipsy the evening before, people tell him to take a hair of the dog that bit him, but never saw it in the literal sense before." P. 100.

The Chinese are distinguished for extraordinary longitude of nails. Many wear them half as long as the rest of their fingers, and pride themselves not a little on their whiteness and cleanliness. By means of these *riders* they hold more dollars in one paw, than an Englishman can hold in both. But shaking hands is quite out of fashion.

This voyage of discovery lasted nearly three years, and Nicol's next birth was in a female convict-ship. His narrative confirms the disgusting accounts which we have before had occasion to refer to, of the gross mismanagement with which these expeditions were at first attended. The ship was one vast brothel, and all hopes of penitence or amendment, during the passage, were dissipated by authorized prostitution. One of the women bore a son to Nicol while on board, and he would have married her immediately after, if he had not been compelled to return to England. For many years he continued an unavailing pursuit of his beloved, and we doubt not, that the fighting these amorous battles o'er again has been to him the most interesting part of the composition of his volume. The *Lady Julian* contained 245 female convicts. Few were very bad characters; most were condemned for petty crimes; many only as disorderly, [this must be a mistake] *the colony at the time being in great want of women.*

"One, a Scottish girl, broke her heart, and died in the river; she was buried at Dartford. Four were pardoned on account of his majesty's recovery. The poor young Scottish girl I have never yet got out of my mind; she was young and beautiful, even in the convict dress, but pale as death, and her eyes red with weeping. She never spoke to any of the other women, or came on deck. She was constantly seen sitting in the same corner from morning to night; even the time of meals roused her not. My heart bled for her,—she was a countrywoman in misfortune. I offered her consolation, but her hopes and heart had sunk. When I spoke she heeded me not, or only answered with sighs and tears; if I spoke of Scotland she would wring her hands and sob, until I thought her heart would burst. I endeavoured to get her sad story from her lips, but she was silent as the grave to which

she hastened. I lent her my Bible to comfort her, but she read it not; she laid it on her lap after kissing it, and only bedewed it with her tears. At length she sunk into the grave of no disease but a broken heart." P. 111.

Mrs. Barnsley was of another mood. She used to boast of hereditary honours. She herself was a distinguished shop-lifter, and all her family for more than a century had been known as swindlers or highwaymen. A brother of the last named *caste*, frequently visited her while in the river "as well dressed and genteel in his appearance as any gentleman."

We must not stop upon our hero's pursuit of his Sarah. She so dwelt upon his imagination, that on his return to England he engaged himself on board a South Sea whaler, in the hope of making his way to her place of exile, and it was not until he reached the fishing grounds, that he learned her infidelity from a convict who had escaped thither. She had accompanied another man to Bombay; and her flight cost Nicol a second voyage to China.

We next find him pressed and employed on board the *Goliah*, of 74, in Sir John Jervis's (the late Lord St. Vincent's) fleet, blockading Toulon. His account of the action which followed is most characteristic of an English sailor.

"While we lay at Lisbon we got private intelligence overland that the Spanish fleet was at sea. We with all despatch set sail in pursuit of them. We were so fortunate as to come in sight of them by break of day, on the 14th of February, off Cape St. Vincent. They consisted of twenty-five sail, mostly three-deckers. We were only eighteen; but we were English, and we gave them their Valentines in style. Soon as we came in sight, a bustle commenced, not to be conceived or described. To do it justice, while every man was as busy as he could be, the greatest order prevailed. A serious cast was to be perceived on every face; but not a shade of doubt or fear. We rejoiced in a general action; not that we loved fighting; but we all wished to be free to return to our homes, and follow our own pursuits. We knew there was no other way of obtaining this than by defeating the enemy. 'The hotter the war the sooner the peace,' was a saying with us. When every thing was cleared, the ports open, the matches lighted, and guns run out, then we gave them three such cheers as are only to be heard in a British man-of-war. This intimidates the enemy more than a broadside, as they have often declared to me. It shows them all is right; and the men in the true spirit baying to be at them. During the action, my situation was not one of danger, but most wounding to my feelings, and trying to my patience. I was stationed in the after-magazine, serving powder from the screen, and could see nothing; but I could feel every shot that struck the *Goliah*; and the cries and groans of the wounded were most distressing, as there was only the thickness of the blankets of the screen between me and them. Busy as I was, the time hung upon me with a dreary weight. Not a soul spoke to me but the master-at-arms, as he went his rounds to inquire if all was safe. No sick person ever longed more for his physician than I for the voice of the master-at-arms. The surgeon's-mate, at the commencement of the action, spoke a little; but his hands were soon too full of his own affairs. Those who were carrying run like wild creatures, and scarce opened their lips. I would far rather have been on the decks, amid the bustle, for there the time flew on eagles' wings. The *Goliah* was sore beset; for some time she had two three-deckers upon her. The men stood to their guns as cool as if they had been exercising. The admiral ordered the *Britannia* to our assistance. Ironsides, with her forty-twos, soon made them sheer off.* Towards the close of the

* "The *Britannia* is a first-rate, carrying 110 guns. She was the only ship that carried 42 pounders on her lower deck, and 32 on her middle deck. She was the strongest built ship in the navy; the sailors upon this account called her 'Iron-sides.'"

action, the men were very weary. One lad put his head out of the port-hole, saying, 'D—n them, are they not going to strike yet?' For us to strike was out of the question.

"At length the roar of the guns ceased, and I came on deck to see the effects of a great sea engagement; but such a scene of blood and desolation I want words to express. I had been in a great number of actions with single ships in the *Proteus* and *Surprise*, during the seven years I was in them. This was my first action in a fleet, and I had only a small share in it. We had destroyed a great number, and secured four three-deckers. One, they had the impiety to call the *Holy Ghost*, we wished much to get; but they towed her off. The fleet was in such a shattered situation, we lay twenty-four hours in sight of them, repairing our rigging. It is after the action the disagreeable part commences; the crews are wrought to the utmost of their strength; for days they have no remission of their toil; repairing the rigging, and other parts injured in the action; their spirits are broke by fatigue: they have no leisure to talk of the battle; and when the usual round of duty returns, we do not choose to revert to a disagreeable subject. Who can speak of what he did, where all did their utmost? One of my messmates had the heel of his shoe shot off; the skin was not broke, yet his leg swelled and became black. He was lame for a long time." P. 178.

The *Goliath* soon joined Lord Nelson. We must give the battle of the Nile as a companion picture to the last extract.

"We had our anchors out at our stern port with a spring upon them, and the cable carried along the ship's side, so that the anchors were at our bows, as if there was no change in the arrangement. This was to prevent the ships from swinging round, as every ship was to be brought to by her stern. We ran in between the French fleet and the shore, to prevent any communication between the enemy and the shore. Soon as they were in sight, a signal was made from the Admiral's ship for every vessel, as she came up, to make the best of her way, firing upon the French ships as she passed, and 'every man to take his bird,' as we joking called it. The *Goliath* led the van. There was a French frigate right in our way. Captain Foley cried, 'Sink that brute; what does he there?' In a moment she went to the bottom, and her crew were seen running into her rigging. The sun was just setting as we went into the bay, and a red and fiery sun it was. I would, if I had had my choice, been on the deck; there I would have seen what was passing, and the time would not have hung so heavy; but every man does his duty with spirit, whether his station be in the slaughter-house, or the magazine."

"I saw as little of this action as I did of the one on the 14th February, off Cape St. Vincent. My station was in the powder magazine with the gunner. As we entered the bay, we stripped to our trowsers, opened our ports, cleared, and every ship we passed gave them a broadside and three cheers. Any information we got was from the boys and women who carried the powder. The women behaved as well as the men, and got a present for their bravery from the Grand Signior. When the French Admiral's ship blew up, the *Goliath* got such a shake, we thought the after-part of her had blown up, until the boys told us what it was. They brought us every now and then the cheering news of another French ship having struck, and we answered the cheers on deck with heart-felt joy. In the heat of the action, a shot came right into the magazine, but did no harm, as the carpenters plugged it up, and stopped the water that was rushing in. I was much indebted to the gunner's wife, who gave her husband and me a drink of wine every now and then, which lessened our fatigue much. There were some of the women wounded, and one woman belonging to Leith died of her wounds, and was buried on a small island in the bay. One woman bore a son in the heat of the action; she belonged to Edinburgh. When we ceased firing, I went on deck to view the state of the fleets, and an awful sight it was. The whole bay was covered with dead bodies, mangled, wounded, and scorched, not a bit of clothes on them except their trowsers. There were a number of French belonging to the French admiral's ship, the *L'Orient*, who had swam to the *Goliath*, and were cow-

* "The seamen call the lower deck, near the main-mast, the slaughter-house, as it is a mid-ships, and the enemy aim their fire principally at the body of the ship."

ering under her fore-castle. Poor fellows, they were brought on board, and Captain Foley ordered them down to the steward's room, to get provisions and clothing. One thing I observed in these Frenchmen quite different from any thing I had ever before observed. In the American war, when we took a French ship, the Duke de Chartres, the prisoners were as merry as if they had taken us, only saying, '*Fortune de guerre*,—you take me to-day, I take you to-morrow. Those we now had on board were thankful for our kindness, but were sullen, and as downcast as if each had lost a ship of his own. The only incidents I heard of are two. One lad who was stationed by a salt box, on which he sat to give out cartridges, and keep the lid close,—it is a trying birth,—when asked for a cartridge, he gave none, yet he sat upright; his eyes were open. One of the men gave him a push; he fell all his length on the deck. There was not a blemish on his body, yet he was quite dead, and was thrown overboard. The other, a lad who had the match in his hand to fire his gun. In the act of applying it a shot took off his arm; it hung by a small piece of skin. The match fell to the deck. He looked to his arm, and seeing what had happened, seized the match in his left hand, and fired off the gun before he went to the cock-pit to have it dressed. They were in our mess, or I might never have heard of it. Two of the mess were killed, and I knew not of it until the day after. Thus terminated the glorious first of August, the busiest night in my life." P. 185.

The expedition to Egypt formed the close of Nicol's warlike exploits. Twenty-five years after he first left Edinburgh as a wanderer, he again returned, and having bought a house on the Castle Hill, he married a cousin of his own, and established himself as a cooper. Business flourished, till unfortunately war again broke out, and he was compelled to withdraw himself from the press-gangs. At Cousland, about nine miles from Edinburgh, he got employment in Mr. Dickson's lime-quarries; and, while thus engaged, adopted a species of political logic among his companions, which we recommend as highly useful in general practice.

"As Mr. Dickson knew I was anxious for the news, he was so kind as to give me a reading of the newspapers when he was done. The other workmen assembled in my cottage on the evenings I got them, and I read aloud; then we would discuss the important parts together. The others were not friendly to the government, save one, an old soldier, who had been in the East Indies; he and I always sided together. I had broke his Majesty's bread for fourteen years, and would not, upon that account, hear his government spoken against. I had but poor help from the old soldier, and I had them all to contend with; but when I was like to be run down, I bothered them with latitudes and longitudes, and the old soldier swore to all I said, and we contrived to keep our ground, for we had both been great travellers. When they spoke of heavy taxes, I talked of China; when they complained of hard times, I told them of the West India slaves; but neither could make any impression on the other." P. 204.

After eleven years he again removed to Edinburgh; but work was slack, and his wife proved expensive. Four years ago she died, and her funeral and some debts which she left behind, compelled him to sell all his property excepting a small room in which he lives, and a cellar, which is his workshop. In conclusion, he must speak for himself.

"In the month of August, last year, a cousin of my own made me a present of as much money as carried me to London. I sailed in the *Hawk*, London smack. I was only a steerage passenger, but fared as well as the cabin passengers. I was held constantly in tow by the passengers. My spirits were up. I was at sea again. I had not trode a deck for twenty years before. I had always a crowd round me, listening to my accounts of the former voyages that I had made. Every one was more kind to me than another. I was very happy.

"Upon my arrival in London I waited upon my old captain, Portlock; but fortune was now completely against me. He had been dead six weeks before my arrival. I left the house; my spirits sunk with grief for his death, and my own disappointment, as my chief dependance was upon his aid. I then went to Somerset House for the certificate of my service; seven years in the *Proteus*, and *Surprise*, in the American war; and seven in the *Edgar*, *Goliath*, *Ramilies*, and *Ajax*, in the French war. I was ordered to go to the Admiralty Office first, and then come back to Somerset House. When I applied to the Admiralty Office, a clerk told me I had been too long of applying. I then went down to the governor of Greenwich Hospital. I was not acquainted with him; but I knew the governor of Greenwich would be a distressed seaman's friend. His servant told me he was in Scotland. I then waited upon Captain Gore, whose son's life I had saved, but he was not at home. It was of no use to remain in London, as my money wore down apace. I took my passage back to Edinburgh in the *Favourite*, London smack, and arrived just four weeks from my first setting out on this voyage of disappointment. What can I do? I must just take what fortune has still in store for me.

"At one time, after I came home, I little thought I should ever require to apply for a pension; and therefore made no application until I really stood in need of it.

"I eke out my subsistence in the best manner I can. Coffee made from the raspings of bread, (which I obtain from the bakers,) twice a day, is my chief diet. A few potatoes, or any thing I can obtain with a few pence, constitute my dinner. My only luxury is tobacco, which I have used these forty-five years. To beg I never will submit. Could I have obtained a small pension for my past services, I should then have reached my utmost earthly wish, and the approach of utter helplessness would not haunt me as it at present does in my solitary home. Should I be forced to sell it, all I would obtain could not keep me, and pay for lodgings for one year: then I must go to the poor's house, which God in his mercy forbid. I can look to my death-bed with resignation; but to the poor's house I cannot look with composure.

"I have been a wanderer, and the child of chance all my days; and now only look for the time when I shall enter my last ship, and be anchored with a green turf upon my breast; and I care not how soon the command is given." P. 208.

We sincerely hope that the object for which this little volume is published, may be fully attained; and that its sale will enable the aged sailor, whose history it recounts, to pass the short remnant of his days without the dread of penury.

CAVENDISH'S LIFE OF WOLSEY.

(Continued from p. 121.)

THE enemies of the Cardinal seem now at last to have got the advantage over him. Anne Boleyn was an invulnerable shield. The minister so long, at the same time, the slave and the tyrant of his master, was at length tottering to his fall. Until this juncture, Henry does not appear to have even thought it possible to part with the ready instrument of his will. And it appears to have been not without considerable difficulty, that he withdrew himself from his old habits of reliance and confidence, nor without frequent relapses of tenderness, which struck the enemies of the falling favourite with consternation. The first pointed insult offered to Wolsey, was, when with his brother cardinal they followed the king to Grafton, in Northamptonshire, where the cardinal was told

there was no room in the house for him. Nevertheless, the king received him with all his accustomed show of kindness, and thus decided the numerous wagers which the lords and courtiers had laid on the issue of his reception.

"Then to behold the countenance of the noblemen and others, that had made their wagers, it would have made you smile; and specially of those that laid their money, that the king would not speake with him. Thus were they deceived. The king was in earnest and long communication with him, in so much as I might heare the king say, 'How can that be; is not this your owne hand?' and pulled a letter or writing out of his bosome, and shewed the same to my lord; and as I perceived my lord answered the same, that the king had no more to say; but said to him, 'My lord goe to dinner, and call my lordes here to keepe you company; and after dinner I will come to you againe, and then we will commune further with you;' and so departed, and dined himselfe that day with Mrs. Anne Bullen in her chamber."

At dinner, further indications of a speedy change are given. Lords begin to speak now, who, a short time before, would have paid the price of their heads for an insinuation.

"Then was there set up in the chamber of presence a table for my lord, and other lordes of the counsell, where they dined together, sitting at dinner and communing of divers matters. 'The king should do well,' quoth my lord cardinall, 'to send his bishops and chapleines home to their cures and benefices.' 'Yea, Mary,' quoth my lord of Norfolkke, 'and so it were mete for you to do also.' 'I should be well content therewith,' quoth my lord, 'if it were the king's pleasure to licence me, with his grace's favor, to goe to my benefice at Winchester.' 'Nay,' quoth my lord of Norfolkke, 'to your benefice at Vork, whereas is your greatest honor and charge.' 'Even as it shall please the king,' quoth my lord cardinall, and so fell into other matters. For the lordes were lothe he should be so neare the king as to continue at Winchester. Immediately after dinner they fell to counsell untill the waiters had dined."

Anne Boleyn, during her tête-à-tête with the king, follows up the game.

"And as I heard it reported by them that waited on the king at dinner, Mistress Anne Bullen was much offended, as farre as she durst, that the king did so gently entertaine my lord cardinall, saying as she sat with the king at dinner, in communication of my lord, 'Sir,' quoth she, 'is it not a marvellous thing to see, what debt and danger he hath brought you in with all your subjects?' 'How soe sweethearte?' quoth the king. 'Forsothe,' quoth she, 'there is not a man within all your realme, worth five pounds, but he hath indebted you to him;' (meaning a loane which the king had of his subjects) 'Well,' quoth the king, 'as for that, there was in him no blame; for I know that matter better than you, or any other.' 'Nay Sir,' quoth she, besides that, what things hath he wrought within this realme to your great slander? There is never a nobleman, but if he had done half so much as he hath done, he were well worthy to lose his heade. Yea, if my lord of Norfolkke, my lord of Suffolke, my lord my father, or any other nobleman within your realme, had done much lesse than he hath done, they should have lost their heades ere this."

"Then I perceive,' quoth the king, 'you are not the cardinall's friende.' 'Why sir,' saith she, 'I have no cause, nor any that loveth you: no more have your grace, if ye consider well his doings.'

"By that time the waiters toke up the table, and so ended their communication."

After another long consultation, protracted till a late hour of the night, the cardinal left the king, and Cavendish was compelled to go and seek him a lodging, which he found about three miles off. He was appointed to meet the king next morning, and continue

their deliberations: but mistress Anne Bullaine, it seems, had been too successful in the interim, and when my lord cardinal arrived at Grafton next morning, he found the king ready to ride, who bid him return again with the other cardinal, "but the king departed amvably with him in the sight of all men."

The King and Mrs. Anne rode out to a place, where Cavendish says, she had provided a dinner for him, "fearing his returne, ere the cardinals were gone;" while the Cardinal Campeggio proceeded on his way to Rome, not, however, without having a special messenger sent after him, to search his baggage, "as it was reported to the King by the counsell, that cardinal Campeigne was departed, and carried with him great treasures of my Lord Cardinall's of England, to be conveyed in great sommes to Rome, whither they surmised he would secretly repaire."

At length the die was cast—when, in the Michaelmas term following, Wolsey began to discharge his duty of Chancellor, he was visited by the Dukes of Suffolk and Norfolk, who came to demand the Great Seal, which, after "much debate and many great and heinous words, all which he took in patience," was delivered up in a second interview.

In this decline of his fortunes, Wolsey appears to have acted with consummate policy and thorough knowledge of the King's temper. He was aware that resistance was always fuel to his passion; and also, that a greedy desire of wealth was very frequently a strong secondary cause, which confirmed and inflamed his previously conceived disgusts. During the whole of the time when Wolsey's disgrace was doubtful, or his recal probable, he submitted with the utmost patience and devotedness to the pleasure of the King; and now, that the first decided step in his dishonour was taken, he instantly proceeded to amass his wealth, and present it to the King, with words the most soothing in the ears of a tyrant, which confessed himself but as the creature of his monarch's pleasure, and incapable of possessions independent of his will.—Thus he contrived for a time to stay the fury of Henry's displeasure, who was never before or after, as now, slow to anger. Never did this bold, bad man, then, indeed, only commencing the most brutal part of his reign, experience so many relapses and relentings—never did he cast back so many lingering looks at a fallen favourite, or remain so long deaf to the suggestions of enmity, whispered in the hour of amorous dalliance, as in his final separation from the counsels of his faithful Wolsey.

The Cardinal had no sooner surrendered the Seal, than he set about taking an inventory of his property, for the purpose already mentioned; and so gorgeous is the description of his wealth, and so illustrative of the interior economy of a nobleman's house of those times, that we cannot omit it.

"Then went my lord cardinall, and called his officers before him, and toke account of them for all suche stuffe and things whereof they had charge. And in his

gallery were set divers tables, whereupon lay a great number of goodly riche stuffes; as whole pieces of silke of all coulours, velvet, satten, damask, tufted tafeta, grograine, sarcenet, and other things, now not in remembrance; also there lay on these tables a thousand pieces of fine holland clothe, whereof as he reported after, there was five hundred of the said pieces of clothe stolne, and conveyed away from the king and him; yet there was laide upon every table, bokes, made in manner of inventories, reporting the number and contents of the same. And even so there were bokes made in manner of inventories of all things here after rehearsed, wherein he toke great paines to set all things in order against the king's comming. Also he hanged all the walls of the gallery on the one side, with clothe of golde, clothe of tyssewe, clothe of silver, and with riche clothe of bodkin, of divers colours. Also on the other side were hanged the richest suite of copes of his owne provision (made for his colledges of Oxenforde and Ipswich) that ever I sawe in Englande. Then had he two chambers adjoyning to the gallery, the one called most commonly the *gilt chamber*, and the other the *counsell chamber*, wherein were set up two broad and long tables, upon tressles, whereupon was set suche a number of plate of all sortes, as was almost incredible. In the *gilt chamber* were set out upon the table nothing but gilt plate; and upon a cupboard and in a windowe was set no plate, but all gold very riche. And in the *counsell chamber* was all white and parcell gilt plate; and under the table in baskets was all olde broken silver plate, not esteemed worthy to be occupied as plate, but as broken silver; and bokes set bye them, purporting every kinde of plate, and every parcell, with the content of the ounces thereof. Thus was all things furnished and prepared, giving the charge of all the saide stuffe, with all other things remaining in every office, to be delivered to the king, as well unto diverse persons, in whom he put his trust, as to one in especiall of his officers, in every office of his house, to make answer to their charge, charged in their indenture of the parcells: for the order was suche, that every officer was charged with the receipt of the stuffe belonging to their office by indenture.

He then determines to retreat to his house at Esher.

"Then all things being ordered as it is before rehearsed, my lord prepared him to departe by water. And before his going, Sir William Gascoigne, being his treasurer, came unto him, to whom he gave, among other, the charge of the delivery of the saide goods, to be delivered unto the king, who saide unto the cardinall, then being his lord and master, 'Sir,' quoth he, 'I am sorry for your grace, for ye shall go straightway to the Tower, as I heard say.' 'Is this the goodde counsell and comforte,' quoth my lord cardinall unto him, 'that you can give your master in adversity? It hath alwaies been your naturall inclination to be very lighte of credite; and much more lighter of reporting lies. I would ye should knowe, Sir William, and all these reporters, that it is untrue; for I never deserved to come there, although it hath pleased the king to take my house ready furnished for his pleasure at this time. I would all the world knewe that I have nothing, but it is *his* of right; for by him, and of him, I have received all that I have; therefore it is of convenience and reason, that I render unto his majesty the same againe, with all my harte. Therefore goe your waies, and attend well to your charge.' And therewithall he made him ready to ride: and then with his traine of gentlemen and yeomen, whiche was no small number, he toke his barge at his privy staires, and so went by water unto Putney. At the taking whereof, there was walking up and downe on the Thames, boates filled with people of London, expecting the cardinall's departing by water, supposing that he should have gone to the Tower, whereat they joyed very much."

He had not gone far from Putney on his mule, when

"Riding not paste a paire of butt lengths, he espied a gentleman come riding in poste downe the hill, in the towne of Putney, and demanding of his gentlemen aboute him, what *he* was, that came riding downe so faste, 'Forsoothe sir,' quoth they, 'it is Mr. Norris, as it seemeth to us.' And by and by he came to my lord saluting him, and sayd, 'Sir, the king's majesty commendeth him unto you, and commaunded me to shewe you, that you be as muche in his favor as ever you were, and so shall be. Therefore he would that you should be of good cheere, and take no thought, for ye shall not lacke. And although he hath done thus unkindly towards you, it is more for the satisfying of some than for any indignation: and yet

you knowe well, he is able to recompence you againe, and to restore you twise so much; and thus he bad me, that I should shewe you, and willed me to bid you to take all this matter in patience. And sir, for my parte, I trust to see you in better estate, than ever you were.' But when he had heard Mr. Norris reporte the good and comfortable words of the king, he quickly lighted off his mule, all alone, as though he had bine the youngest amongst us, and incontinent kneeled downe in the dirte upon bothe his knees, holding up his hands for joye of the king's most comfortable message. Mr. Norris alighted also, espying him so sone upon his knees, and kneeled by him, and toke him in his armes, and asked howe he did, calling upon him to credite his message. 'Mr. Norris,' quoth he, 'when I consider the joyfull newes that yee have brought to me, I could doe no lesse than greatly rejoyce. Your wordes pierced my harte, that the sodain joye, surmounted my memory, having no regarde or respecte to the place, but I thought it my duty, in the same place where I received this comforte, to laude and prase God upon my knees, and most humbly to render to my soveraigne lorde my hartly thanks for the same.'

"And as he was thus talking upon his knees to Mr. Norris, he would have pulled off a velvet night cap, which he wore under his black hat, and scarlet cap; but he could not undoe the knot under his chin: wherefore with violence he rent the laces of his cap, and pulled his said cap from his head, and kneeled bare headed. And this done, he rose up and mounted upon his mule, and so rode forthe up the high waye in the towne, talking with Mr. Norris. And when he came unto Putney Heathe, where Mr. Norris should departe from him, Mr. Norris gave him a ring of gold with a stone, and sayd unto him, that the king sent him the same for token of good will, 'which ringe,' quoth he, 'the king saithe you knowe very well.' It was the privy token between the king and him, when the king would have any especiall thing sped at his hands. Then saide he to Mr. Norris, 'If I were Lorde of a realme, the one halfe were too small a rewarde to give you for your paines, and good newes. But, good Mr. Norris, consider with me, that I have nothinge left me but my clothes upon my backe. Therefore I shall desire you to take this small rewarde at my hands;' the which was a little chaine of gold, made like a bottle chaine, with a crosse of gold, wherein was a piece of the *Holy Crosse*, which he continually ware about his necke next his body; and saide furthermore, 'Master Norris, I assure you, when I was in prosperity, although it seme but small in value, yet I would not gladly have departed with the same for a thousand poundes. Therefore I shall require you to take it in good worthe, and to weare it about your necke continually for my sake, and to remember me to the king when ye shall see opportunity, unto whose Highness I shall most instantly require you, to have me most humbly commended; for whose charitable disposition to me, I can but pray for the preservation of his royall estate. I am his obedient subject, his poore chaplaine, and beadman, and so will be during my life, accompting myselfe nothinge, nor to have any thinge, but only of him and by him, whome I have justly and truly served, to the beste of my grosse wit.' And with that he toke Master Norris by the hand bareheaded, and so departed. And when he was gone but a small distance, he returned againe, and caused Mr. Norris to be called to him. When Master Norris was returned, he said unto him, 'I am sorry,' quoth he, 'that I have no token to send to the king. But if you will at my request present the king, with this poore Foole, I trust he will accept him, for he is, for a nobleman's pleasure, forsoothe, worthe a thousand poundes.'

"So Master Norris toke the Foole; with whom my Lorde was faine to send sixe of his tallest yeomen, to helpe him to convaie the Foole to the court; for the poore Foole toke on like a tyrant, rather than he would have departed from my Lord. Notwithstanding they convaied him away, and so brought him to the court, where the king received him very gladly. After departure of Master Norris with his token to the kinge, my Lorde rode straight to Ashur, which is an house belonging to the Bishopricke of Winchester, situate in the county of Surry, nor farre from Hampton Courte, where my Lord and his family continued the space of three or fowre weeks, without either beds, sheets, table clothes, or dishes, to eat their meete in, or wherewith to buy any. Howbeit, there was good provision of all kind of victualls and of drinke, as bere and wine, whereof there was sufficient and plenty enough. My Lorde was compelled of necessity to borrow of Mr. Arundell, and of the Bishop of Carlile, plate and dishes, bothe to drinke in, and to eate his meate in. Thus my Lord with his family continued in this strange estate, untill after All-hallowe tide."

Cromwell, the Cardinal's Secretary, and afterwards Earl of Essex, figures as a principal character in these pages, and, under the descriptive pen of Cavendish, discloses those traits which foretold his future distinction. The first glimpse we have of him is in the following passage, after the fall of his master:

"I chanced me upon All-hallowne day to come into the *Great Chamber* at Assher, in the morning, to give mine attendance, where I found Mr. Cromwell leaning in the great window, with a *Primer* in his hand, saying our Lady mattens; which had bine a strange sight in him afore. Well what will you have more? He prayed no more earnestly, than he distilled teares as fast from his eyes. Whom I saluted, and had good morrowe. And with that I perceived his moist chekes, the which he wiped with his napkine. To whom I saide, 'Why, Mr. Cromwell, what meaneth this dole? Is my Lord in any danger, that ye doe lament for him? or is it for any other losse, that ye have sustained by misfortune?'

"'Nay,' quoth he, 'it is for my unhappy adventure. For I am like to lose all that I have laboured for, all the daies of my life, for doing of my master true and diligent service.' 'Why, sir,' quoth I, 'I trust that you be too wise, to do any thing by my Lord's commandement, otherwise than ye might doe, whereof you ought to be in doubt or daunger for losse of your goods.' 'Well, well,' quoth he, 'I cannot tell; but this I see before mine eyes, that every thing is as it is taken; and this I knowe well, that I am disdained withal for my master's sake; and yet I am sure there is no cause, why they should doe so. An evill name once gotten will not lightly be put away. I never had promotion by my Lord to the encrease of my living. But this much I will say to you, that I will this afternoone, when my Lord hath dined, ride to London, and so to the Courte, where I will either make or marre, or ever I come againe. I will put mysele in prease, to see what they be able to lay to my charge.' 'Mary,' quoth I, 'then in so doing you shall doe wisely, beseeching God to send you good lucke, as I would mysele.' And with that I was called into the closet, to see and prepare all things ready for my Lord, whoe intended to say masse there that day himsele; and so I did."

Cromwell is soon after found interceding with the Cardinal for some reward, for the numerous servants who still faithfully adhere to his person.

"'Alas! Thomas,' quoth my Lord, 'ye knowe I have nothing to give them, and wordes without deeds be not often well taken. For if I had but as I late had, I would departe with them so frankely, as they should be well contente: but nothing hath no savor; and I am bothe ashamed, and also sorry, that I am not able to requite their faithful service. And although I doe rejoice as I may, to consider the fidelity I see in a number of my servants, who will not forsake me in my miserable estate, but be as diligent and serviceable about me as they were in my great triumphe and glory, yet I doe lament againe, as vehemently, the want of substance, to distribute among them.' 'Why, Sir,' quoth Master Cromwell, 'have ye not here a number of chapleines, to whom ye have departed liberally with spirituall promotions, in so much as some may dispend, by your Grace's preferment, a thousand pounds by yeare, and some five hundred marks, and some more and some lesse; you have not a chapleine within all your house, or belonging to you, but he may spend well at the least (by your procurement and promotion) three hundred markes yearely, who have had all the profit and gaines at your handes, and other your servauntes nothing: and yet have your poore servauntes taken much more paines in one day, than all your idle chapleines have done in a yeare. Therefore if they will not frankely and freely consider your liberality, and departe with you of the same goods gotten in your service, now in your great indigence and necessity, it is pittie that they live; and all the world will have them in indignation and hatred, for their ingratitude to their master.'

"'I think no lesse, Thomas,' quoth my Lord, 'wherefore, I pray you, cause all my servants to assemble without, in my great chamber, after dinner, and see them stand in order, and I will declare my mind unto them.'"

The gentlemen and yeomen are then assembled, to whom the

Cardinal addresses a most impressive speech, full of eloquence and natural dignity.

"And at the laste my Lord came out in his Rochet upon a violet gowne, like a Bishop, who went streight to the upper ende of the saide chamber, where was the great windowe. Standing there a while, his chapleines about him, beholding this goodly number of his servants, he could not speake unto them, untill the teares ran downe his cheeks: which fewe teares perceived by his servants, caused the fountaines of water to gusshe out of their faithfull eyes, in such sorte as it would cause a cruell harte to lament. At the last, after he had turned his face to the windowe, and dried his moisted chekes, he spake to them in this sorte in effect: 'Most faithful gentlemen, and true hearted yeomen, I doe not lament to see you about me, but I lament in a manner a certaine ingratitude on my behalfe towards you all, in whome hath bin a great defaulte, that in my prosperity I have not done so much for you as I might have done, either in deede or worde, which lay in my power then to doe: but then I knewe not the juell and speciall treasure I had in my house of you my faithful servants; but now experience hath taught me, and with the eyes of my discretion I doe well perceive the same. There was never thing that repented me more that ever I did, than doeth the remembrance of my great and most oblivious negligence and unkinde ingratitude, that I have not promoted, preferred or advanced you all, accordinge to your demerits. Howbeit, it is not unknowne unto you all, that I was not so fully furnished of temporall promotions in my gifte, as I was of spiritual preferments. And if I should have preferred you to any of the king's offices, then should I have runne in the indignation of the king's servants, who would not much let to reporte behinde my backe that there could no office in the king's gifte escape the Cardinal and his servants, and thus should I have runne in open slaunder before all the world. But now it is come to this passe, that it hath pleased the king to take all that ever I have into his hands, so that I have nothing to give you; for I have nothing left me but my bare clothes upon my backe, the which are simple in comparison to that I had: howbeit if it might doe you any good, I would not sticke to divide the same among you, yea, and the skinne of my backe too, if it might countervaille any value among you. But my good gentlemen and yeomen, my trusty and faithful servaunts, and of whome no prince hath the like, I shall require you to take some patience with me awhile, for I doubt not but that the kinge, considering my suggested offence by mine enemies, which is put against me, to be of small grieve or hurte, for so great and suddaine an overthrowe, will shortly restore me to my living, so that I shall be more able to divide my substance among you, whereof ye shall not lacke. For whatsoever shall chauce hereafter to be an overplus and superfluity of my revenewes, at the determination of my yearely accompt, it shall be distributed among you. For I will never during my life esteeme the goods and riches of this world any otherwise than which shall be sufficient to maintaine the estate that God hath and shall call me unto. And if the kinge doe not shortly restore me, then will I write for you, either to the king, or to any nobleman within this realme, to retaine your service; for I doubt not but the kinge or any nobleman within this realme, will credite my letter in your commendation. Therefore, in the mean time, I would advise you to repaire home to your wives, such as have wives; and some of you that have no wives, to take a time to visit your parents in the country. There is none of you all, but would once in a yeare require license to see and visit your wife, and other of your friends: take this time therefore in that respect, and in your retourne I will not refuse you, to beg with you. I consider that your service in my house hath been such, that ye be not apt to serve any man under the degree of a King; therefore I would advise you to serve no man but the King, who I am sure will not refuse you. Therefore I shall desire you to take your pleasure for a month, and then ye may come againe, and by that time, I trust the king will extend his mercy upon me.'"

Cromwell again attacks the chaplains in the shape of a subscription.

"Sir," quoth Master Cromwell, "there be diverse of these your yeomen, that would be glad to see their friends, but they lacke money: therefore here be diverse of your Chapleines that have received at your hands great benefices and

livings, let them shew themselves unto you as they be bound to doe. I think their honesty and charity is such, that they will not see you lacke any thing that may doe you good or pleasure. And for my parte, although I have not received of your Grace's gifte one penny towards the increase of my livinge, yet will I give you this towards the dispatch of your servantes,' and therewith delivered unto my Lord five pounds in gold. 'And now let us see what your Chapleines will doe. I think they will departe with you, much more liberally than I, who be more able to give you a pound than I a penny.' 'Goe to, my Masters,' quoth he to the Chapleines: insomuch as they gave to my Lord liberally, some ten pounds, some twenty nobles, some five pounds, and so some more and some lesse, as their powers would extend, at that time; by means whereof my Lord received among them as much as paid the yeomen ten shillings the pece towards their quarter's wages, and as much money as would pay every of them for a monthe's borde wages; and then they departed downe into the Hall, where some determined to goe to their friends, and some would not departe from my Lorde, untill they might see him in better estate. My Lord returned into his chamber lamenting the departure from his servants, making his mone to Master Cromwell, who comforted him the best he could, and desired my Lord to give him leave to goe to London, whereas he would *either make or marre* (the which was alwaies his common terme). Then after a little communication with my Lord in secret, he departed and toke his horse, and rode to London, at whose departinge I was by, to whome he saide, 'Farewell, ye shall heare shortly of mee, and if I speede well, I will not faile to be here againe, within these two daies.' And so I toke my leave of him, and he rode on his journey. Sir Rafe Sadler, now Knight, was then his Clerk, and rode with him."

Cromwell quickly contrives to get into parliament, where he performed the most essential services to his late master—he was ever ready in his place to answer the charges alleged against him; and when a Bill of Articles was brought into the house to condemn Wolsey of treason, Cromwell "inveighed so discreetly, with such witty persuasions and depe reasons, that the same could take no effect." This was only one good office, among numerous instances, of "honest estimation and earnest behaviour in his master's cause, wherein he was greatly of all men commended."

One of the most remarkable things in the fall of Wolsey, is the constant kindness which the king, who was by no means given to duplicity, shewed to him by messages and tokens, and private declarations, which always, except in one instance, appear to have been sent by stealth. In the case of the exception alluded to, Henry requests Anne Boleyn to send a token likewise, which she did. In the following instance, Sir John Russel, afterwards Earl of Bedford, arrives in the dead of night with a private message of consolation.

"I went incontinent to my Lord's chamber dore, and knocked there, so that my Lord spake to me, and asked me what I would have. With that I told him of the comming of Sir John Russell; and then he called up to him one of his gromes to let me in; and when I was come to him, I told him againe of the journey that Sir John Russell had taken that troublesome night. 'I pray God all be for the beste,' quoth he. 'Yes, sir,' quoth I, 'he shewed me, and so bade me tell you, that he had brought suche newes, as you would greatly rejoice thereat.' 'Well, then,' quoth he, 'God be praised, and wellcome be his grace! Go ye and fetch him to me, and by that time I will be ready to talke with him.'

"Then I returned into the lodge, and brought Mr. Russell from thence unto my Lord, who had cast about him his night gowne. And when Mr. Russell was come before him, he most humbly revered him, upon his knees, whome my Lord stooped unto, and toke him up, and bade him wellcome. 'Sir,' quoth he, 'the King commendeth him unto you;' and delivered him a great ring of gold with a Turkeis for a token; 'and willed me, to bid you be of good cheere; for he

loveth you as well as ever he did, and is sorry for your trouble, whose minde runneth much upon you. Insomuch that before his Grace sat downe to supper, he called me unto him, and desired me to take the paines secretly to visite you, and to comforte you the best of my powre. And sir, I have had the sorest journey for so little a way, that ever I had to my remembrance."

"My Lord thanked him for his paines and good newes, and demanded of him if he had supped; and he saide 'Nay.' 'Well then,' quoth my Lord, 'cause the cookes to provide some meate for him; and cause a chamber to be provided for him, that he may take his rest awhile upon a bed.' All which commaundement I fulfilled, and in the meane time my Lord and Master Russell were in secret communication; and in the ende, Master Russell went to his chamber, taking his leave of my Lord, and saide he would tarry but a while, for he would be at the court at Greenwich againe before day, and would not for any thing that it were knowne, that he had bin with my Lorde that night. And so being in his chamber, having a small repaste, he rested him a while upon a bed, whiles his servauntes supped and dried them; and that done, incontinent he rode away againe with speede to the court. And after this within a while, my Lord was restored to plate vessells, and householde stuffe, of every thing necessary some parte, so that he was better furnished than before."

The insults and disappointments which he received at the hands of the courtiers, at length brought on a severe illness, during which the King sent his physicians to him, and expressed an anxious solicitude for his safety.

"At Christmas he fell very sore sicke, most likely to die. Whereof the king being advertised, was very sorry, and sent Dr. Buttes, his phisition, unto him, to see in what estate he was. Doctor Buttes came unto him, finding him lying very sicke in his bed; and perceiving the daunger retourned to the king. Of whom the king demanded, saying, 'Have you seen yonder man?' 'Yea, sir,' quoth he. 'How do you like him?' quoth the king. 'Sir,' quoth he, 'if you will have him dead, I warrant him he will be deade within these foure days, if he receive no comforte from you shortly, and Mrs. Anne.' 'Marye,' quoth the king, 'God forbid that he should die. I pray you, Master Buttes goe againe unto him, and doe your care unto him; for I would not lose him for twenty thousande poundes. 'Then must your grace,' quoth Master Buttes, 'send him first some comfortable message, as shortly as ye can.' 'Even so I will,' quoth the king, 'by you. And therefore make speede to him againe, and ye shall deliver him this ring from me, for a token' (in the which ring was the king's image, engraved within a ruby, as like the king as could be devised). 'This ring he knoweth right well; for he gave me the same; and tell him, that I am not offended with him in my hearte nothing at all, and that shall he knowe shortly. Therefore bid him pluck up his harte, and be of good comforte. And I charge you come not from him, untill ye have brought him out of the daunger of death.' Then spake the king to Mistress Anne Bullen, saying, 'Good sweete harte, I pray you, as ye love me, send the cardinall a token at my desire, with comfortable wordes; and in so doing ye shall deserve our thanks.' She not being disposed to offend the king, would not disobey his loving request, whatsoever in her harte she intended towards the cardinall; but toke incontinent her tablet of gold, that hung at her girdle, and delivered it to Master Buttes, with very gentle and comfortable wordes. And so Master Buttes departed with speede to Asshur; after whom the king sent doctor Cromer the Scot, doctor Clement, and doctor Wotton, to consulte with Master Buttes for my lorde's recovery."

However unaccountable the conduct of the King, Wolsey has fully explained his own, in a conversation which, it appears, he held with his faithful attendant, in the course of his journey to his Archbishopric of York, to which the courtiers had proceured his dismissal. These notes of Cavendish have an high historical importance.

"I cannot chose but to declare unto you a notable communication had at Mr. Fitzwilliams house, between my lorde and me, which was this: My lord walking in the garden at Mr. Fitzwilliams his house saying his evensong with his chapleine, and I being there attending upon him, after he had finished his praiers, he commaunded his chapleine that bare up his gowne traine to deliver the same to me, and to goe aside; and after the chapleine was gone, he spake to me in this wise, calling me by my name. 'Ye have bine lately at London,' quoth he; 'Forsoothe my lord,' quoth I, 'not since I was there to buy your liveries for your servants.' 'And what newes was there then,' quoth he; 'heard you no communication of me; I pray you tell me.' Then perceiving that I had a good occasion to speake my mind unto him, I said, 'Sir, if it please your grace, it was my chaunce to be at dinner in a certaine place, where I also supped, and many honest worshipful gentlemen, who were for the most parte of mine old acquaintance, and therefore durst the bolder participate with me in conversation of your grace, knowing that I was still your servant; and they asking of me howe ye did, and how you accepted your adversity and trouble, I answered that you did well, and accepted all things in good parte; and as it seemed to me, they were your indifferent friends, of whome they said none evill, but lamented your decay and fall very sore, doubting much the sequell not to be good for the common wealth. Also they mervailed much that you, being of such excellent witt, and of such high discretion, would so simply confesse yourselfe guilty unto the king, as you did. For, as they understoode by reporte of some of the kings counsell, your case being well considered, you have great wronge: to the which I could make no direct answer.' 'Is this,' quoth he, 'the opinion of wise men?' 'Yea forsoothe, my lord,' quoth I, 'and commonly of all men else.' 'Well then,' quoth he, 'for all their wisdom, they perceived not so much as I. For I considered, that mine enemies had brought the matter so to passe against me, that they conveyed and made it the kings matter and case, and caused the king to take the matter into his owne hands; and after he had once the possession of all my goods, being the kings only case, rather than he would have delivered me my goods againe, and taken a foile or overthrow therein at my hands, without doubt he would not have missed (by the setting forth and procurement of my evil-willers) to have imagined my undoing and destruction therein; whereof the best had bine perpetual imprisonment, or the daunger of my life. I had rather confesse the matter, as I did, and to live at large, like a poor vicar, than to live in prison with all the goods and honours I then had. And therefore it was for me the better way to yield unto the kings mercy and clemency, than to stand stiffe against him in triall of the wronge which I sustained; wherein the king would have bine bothe to have bine noted, and in my submission, the king, I doubt not, had a conscience, wherein he would rather pitty me than maligne me. And also, there was the *night-crowe*, that cried ever in his eare against me; and if she might have perceived any obstinacy in me, she would not have failed to have set it forth with such vehemence that I should rather have obtained the kings indignation, than his lawfull favor: and his favor once lost (which I then knewe that I then had done) would never have bin by me recovered. Therefore I thought it better to kepe still his favor, with losse of goods and dignity, than to win his indignation with all my wit, truth, and policy. And this was the cause (which all men know not) that I yealded myselfe so soone guilty to the *premunire*; wherein the king hath since conceived a conscience; for he knoweth, and alwaies did, more the effect thereof than any other person living, and whether I offended him therein or no, to whose conscience I commit the truth of my cause.' And thus we left the substance of our communication in this matter; although we had much more talke: yet this is sufficient to make you understande, as well bothe the cause of his confession in the *premunire*, as also the occasion of the losse of his goods."

As he proceeded to the north, he spent a considerable time at Southwell, near Newark, where was a bishop's palace, belonging to the See of York, and acquired, by his affability and hospitality, great popularity in the neighbourhood. From thence he removed to Seroby, and then to the palace at Cawood, in Yorkshire.

After Wolsey had been some time in residence, he prepared for his installation in the Cathedral Church, according to what he was

informed was the invariable practice of his predecessors. Such, however, was the alteration which the change in his fortunes had produced in his mind, that he chose to forego the pomp and splendour with which the ceremony had always been celebrated. When told that it was usual for the Archbishop to walk from a chapel without the city to the minster, upon cloth spread over his path, he said, "although that our predecessors did goe upon cloth, soe we intend to go on foote from thence without any such glory, in the vaumpes of our hosen." During his progress to the north, he had also plainly marked the humiliation of his mind—he had begun to wear sackcloth next his skin—was upon the watch for omens—had confirmed immense numbers of children on the road, with the earnestness and devotedness of an apostle; and when at Cawood, set himself to appease quarrels and extinguish feuds, with great skill, industry, and success. The installation, however, never took place. Every preparation was made, and though the Cardinal himself took no part in it, yet such was his popularity in the county, that provisions and game of all kinds were sent in as for a splendid festival. On the Friday before the Monday which was fixed for the taking place of the ceremony, the Earl of Northumberland, the very Lord Percy, whose match with Anne Boleyn, Wolsey had been the means of breaking off, arrived with Mr. Walche, of the King's Privy Chamber. The Earl took possession of the gates, and the Cardinal, hearing of his arrival, and deeming it a visit of courtesy, met him on the stairs and regretted that his dinner was nearly over, but offering, at the same time, such cheer as he could make him on so short a notice, and chiding him for not sending word of his intention. This, and many more kind and courteous words being said, he took the Earl by the hand and led him into a chamber.

"And they beinge there all alone, save only I, who kept the dore, according to my duty, being Gentleman-Usher; these two lordes standing at a windowe by the chimney, the Earl, trembling, saide unto my Lorde, with a soft voice (laying his hand upon his arme), 'My Lorde, I arrest you of highe treason.' With which wordes my Lorde was marvailously astonied, standing bothe still without any more wordes a good space. But at the last, quoth my Lord, 'What authority have you to arrest me?' 'Forsoothe my Lorde,' quoth the Earle, 'I have a commission so to doe.' 'Where is your commission,' quoth my Lord, 'that I may see it?' 'Nay, sir, that you may not,' saide the Earle. 'Well, then,' quoth my Lord, 'hold you contented; then will I not obey your arrest: for there hath bine between your auncestors and my predecessors great contentions and debate of an auncient grudge, which may succede in you, and growe unto the like inconvenience, as it hath done betwene your auncestors and my predecessors. Therefore, without I see your authority from above, I will not obey you.' Even as they were debating this matter betwene them in the chamber, so busy was Mr. Walche in arresting of Doctor Augustine, at the dore in the pallace, saying unto him, 'Go in traitor, or I shall make thee. And with that, I opened the portall dore, perceiving them both there. Mr. Walche thrust Doctor Augustine in before him with violence. These matters on bothe sides astonied me very much, musing what all this should meane; untill at the last, Mr. Walche, being entered my Lorde his chamber, began to plucke off his hooide, which he had made him of the same clothe, whereof his coate was, which was of Shrewsbury cotton, to the intent he would not be knowne. And after he had plucked off his hooide, he kneled downe to my Lorde, to whome my Lord sayd, 'Come hether gentleman, and let me speake with you,' commanding him to stand up, saying thus, 'Sir, here my Lorde of Northumberland hath arrested me, but by

whose authority or commission he sheweth me not; but smith, he hath one. If ye be privy thereto, or be joined with him therein, I pray you shewe me.' 'Indeede, my Lorde, if it please your Grace,' quoth Mr. Walche, 'he sheweth you the truthe.' Well, then,' quoth my Lord, 'I pray you let me see it.' 'Sir, I beseeche you,' quoth Mr. Walche, 'hold us excused. There is annexed to our commission certaine instructions which ye may not see, ne yet be privy to the same.' 'Why,' quoth my Lorde, 'be your instructions suche that I may not see them? peradventure, if I mighte be privy to them, I could helpe you the better to perform them. It is not unknowne, but I have been privy and of counsell in as weighty matters as these be: and I doubte not for my parte but I shall prove myselfe a true man, against the expectation of all my cruell enemies. I see the matter whereupon it groweth. Well, there is no more to doe. I trow ye are one of the King's Privy Chamber; your name is Walche. I am content to yelde to you, but not to my Lord of Northumberland, without I see his commission. And also you are a sufficient commissioner in that behalfe, in as much as ye be one of the King's Privy Chamber; for the worst there is a sufficient warrant to arrest the greatest pere in this realme, by the King's only commaundement, without any commission. Therefore I am at your will to order and to dispose: put therefore your commission and authority in execution: spare not, and I will obey the King's will. I feare more the malice and cruelty of my mortall enemies, than I doe the untruthe of my allegiance; wherein, I take God to my judge, I never offended the king in worde ne dede; and therein I dare stand face to face with any man alive, having indifferency, without partiality.'

"Then came my Lord of Northumberland unto me, standinge at the portall dore, and commaunded me to avoide the chamber: and being lothe to departe from my master, I stode still, and would not remove; to whome he spake againe, and said unto mee, 'There is noremedy, ye must departe.' With that I looked upon my Lord (as whome would say, shall I goe?) upon whome my Lorde looked very heavily, and shoke at me his heade. And perceiving by his countenance it boted me not to abide, I departed the chamber, and went into the next chamber, where abode many gentlemen of my fellows, and other, to learne of me some newes; to whome I made reporte what I sawe and hearde; which was great heaviness unto them all."

It was required of the Cardinal to proceed to London. On the next day, the eve of his departure, Northumberland sent for Cavendish, and told him, it was the King's pleasure that he should still remain about the person of the Cardinal upon certain conditions, which Cavendish promised on oath to observe. He was then desired to go in and attend upon his master.

"And then I resorted unto my lorde, where he was sitting in a chaire, the tables being spred for him to goe to dinner. But as soon as he perceived me to come in, he fell out into suche a wofull lamentation, with such ruthful teares and watery eies, that it would have caused a flinty hearte to mourne with him. And as I could, I with others comforted him; but it would not be. For, quoth he, 'Nowe I lament, that I see this gentleman, (meaning me) how faithfull, how diligent, and how painfull he hath served me, abandoning his owne country, wife, and children; his house and family, his rest and quietnesse, only to serve me, and I have nothinge to rewarde him for his highe merittes. And also the sighte of him causeth me to call to my remembrance the number of faithfull servautes, that I have here with me; whom I did intend to preferre and advance, to the best of my powre, from time to time, as occasion should serve. But now, alas! I am prevented, and have nothing here to rewarde them; all is deprived me, and I am left here their miserable and wretched master. Howbeit,' quoth he to me (calling me by my name), 'I am a true man, and ye shall never have shame of me for your service.' 'Sir,' quoth I unto him (perceiving his heaviness), 'I doe nothinge mistruste your truthe: and for the same will I depose bothe before the king, and his honorable counsell. Wherefore, sir,' (kneeling upon my knee) 'comforte yourselfe, and be of good cheere. The malice of your ungodly enemies can, ne shall not prevaile. I doubt not but comming to your answer, my hearte is suche, that ye shall clearly acquit yourselfe, so to your commendation and truthe, as that, I trust, it shall be much to your great honour, and restitution unto your former estate.' 'Yea,' quoth he, 'if I may come to my answer, I feare

no man alive; for he liveth not that shall look upon this face (pointing to his owne face), that shall be able to accuse me of any untruth; and that knowe well mine enemies, which will be an occasion that they will not suffer me to have indifferent justice, but seeke some sinister meanes to dispatch me.' 'Sir,' quoth I, 'ye neede not therein to doubt, the king being so muche your good lorde, as he hath alwaies shewed himselfe to be, in all your troubles.' With that came up my lorde his meate; and so we left our former communication, and I gave my lorde water, and set him downe to dinner; who did eate very little meate, but very many times sodainly he would burste out in teares, with the most sorrowfull words that have bine heard of any woefull creature. And at the laste he fetched a great sighe, and saide this texte of scripture in this wise, '*O constantia Martirum laudabilis! O charitas inextinguibilis! O patientia invincibilis, quæ licet inter pressuras persequentium visâ sit despicibilis, invenietur in laudem et gloriam ac honorem in tempore tribulationis.*' And thus passed he forth his dinner in great lamentation and heaviness, who was fed more with weping teares, than with any delicate meates that were set before him. I suppose there was not a drie eie among all the gentlemen that were there attending upon him. And when the table was taken up, we expected continually our removing, untill it drewe to nighte; and then it was shewed my lorde that he could not goe away that nighte, but on the morrow, by God's grace, he should departe. 'Even then,' quoth he, 'when my lord of Northumberland shall be pleased.' Wherefore it was concluded, that he should tarry untill the next day, being Sunday."

On Sunday, the Cardinal was constrained to depart. As he proceeded from his chamber, he demanded where his servants were, and would not stir a step until he had bade farewell to them. It appeared that the commissioners had locked them up in the chapel, in the fear of a tumult, but they somehow hearing that their lord was setting off, began to make such a "ruthful riot," that they were let out as he was demanding to see them. After bidding them a kind farewell, and shaking every one by the hand, he mounted his horse amidst the shouts and blessings of an immense concourse of people, who, such was his popularity, had assembled at his gates. From Cawood he passed to Pontefract, and was struck with horror when he heard he was to lie there that night, lest his conductors should be leading him to imprisonment. "Alas!" quoth he, "shall I go to the castle, and lie there, and die like a beast!" From Pontefract he proceeded to Doncaster, and thence to Sheffield Park, the seat of the Earl of Shrewsbury, still accompanied every where by the lamentations of the people. At Sheffield Park he was most nobly and courteously received by my Lord of Shrewsbury, who, with his lady, paid him the most respectful and delicate attention, as if he had still been in the height of his prosperity. Nothing, however, could restore the tone of his mind, nor restore him to his customary dignified self-possession. From the moment of the arrest his spirits sunk, he indulged in bitter lamentations, and would take no comfort. At last he was taken suddenly ill one day at dinner. The disorder proved to be a dysentery, which shortly reduced him to such a state of weakness, that it was with the utmost difficulty he could proceed on his journey; during which he became rapidly worse, so that before he reached Leicester he could with difficulty sit on his mule.

"The next day, he tooke his journey, with M. Kingstone and them of the garde. And as sone as they espied him, considering that he was their olde master, and in such estate, they lamented his misfortune, with weeping eyes; whome my lord

toke by the hand, and many times, as he rode by the way, he would talke, nowe with one, then with an other, until he came to an house of my lord of Shrewsburies, called Hardwicke Hall, where he lay all that nighte very evill at ease. The next day he rode to Nottingham, and there lodged that nighte, more sicke, and the next day he rode to Leicester Abbey; and by the way he waxed so sicke, that he was almost fallen from his mule; so that it was nighte before he came to the abbey of Leicester, where at his comming in at the gate, the Abbot with all his convent met him with divers torches lighte; whom they right honorably received and welcomed with great reverence. To whome my lorde saide, 'Father Abbot, I am come hither to leave my bones among you,' riding so still untill he came to the staires of his chamber, where he alighted from his mule, and then master Kingstone tooke him by the arme, and led him up the staires; who told me afterwarde, he never felt so heavy a burden in all his life. And as sone as he was in his chamber, he went incontinent to his bed, very sicke. This was upon Satterday at nighte: and then continued he sicker and sicker.

"Upon Monday in the morning, as I stode by his bed side, about eighte of the clocke, the windowes being close shut, and having waxe lightes burning upon the cupborde, I beheld him, as me seemed, drawing faste towards deathe. He perceiving my shadowe upon the wall by the bed side, asked who was there? 'Sir,' quoth I, 'I am here.' 'How doe you?' quoth he to me. 'Very well, sir,' quoth I, 'if it might see your grace well.' 'What is it of the clocke?' saide he to me. 'Sir,' said I, 'it is past eighte in the morning.' 'Eight of the clocke?' quoth he, 'that cannot be,' rehearsing diverse times, 'eight of the clocke, eighte of the clocke; 'nay, nay,' quoth he at last, 'it cannot be eighte of the clocke: for by eighte of the clocke shall you lose your master; for my time draweth neare, that I must departe this world.' With that, one doctor Palmes, a worshipful gentleman, being his chapleine and ghostly father, standing by, had me secretly demand of him if he would be shriven, and to be in a readiness towards God, whatsoever should chauce. At whose desire I asked him the question. 'What have ye to doe to ask me any suche question?' quoth he, and began to be very angry with me for my presumption; untill at the laste master doctor tooke my parte, and talked with him in Latine, and so pacified him."

The tragedy now drew very fast to its close. On the next day Sir William Kingston, whom the king had sent down to conduct him up to London, asked, about six of the clock in the morning, how he did.

"'Sir,' quoth he, 'I tarry but the pleasure of God, to render up my poore soul into his handes.' 'Not so, sir,' quoth Master Kingstone, 'with the grace of God ye shall live, and do very well, if ye will be of good cheere.' 'Nay, in good soothe, Master Kingstone, my disease is suche that I cannot live; for I have had some experience in phisicke. Thus it is: I have a fluxe with a continuall fever; the nature whereof is, that if there be no alteration of the same within eight daies, either must ensue excoriation of the entrailes, or frensy, or else present death; and the best of these three is deathe. And, as I suppose, this is the eighth daie: and if ye see no alteration in me, there is no remedy save that I may live a day or two after, but deathe, which is the best of these three, must followe.' 'Sir,' said Master Kingstone, 'you be in such pensiveness, doubting that thing that in good faith ye need not.' 'Well, well, Master Kingstone,' quoth my lord, 'I see the matter maketh you much worse than ye should be against me; how it is framed I knowe not. But if I had served God, as diligently as I have done the king, he would not have given me over in my grey haire. But this is the just reward that I must receive, for my diligent pains and study, that I have had, to do him service; not regarding my service to God, but only to satisfye his pleasure. I pray you have me most humbly commended unto his royall majestie; and beseeche him, in my behalfe, to call to his princely remembrance all matters proceeding betweene him and me from the beginning of the world, and the progress of the same: and most especially in this weighty matter;' (meaning the matter betwene good Queen Katherine and him), 'and then shall his Graces conscience knowe, whether I have offended him or no. He is a prince of royall courage, and hath a princely harte; and rather than he will miss or want any part of his will or pleasure, he will endanger the losse of the one halfe of his realme. For I assure you, I have often

kneeled before him, the space sometimes of three houres, to perswade him from his will and appetite, but I could never dissuade him therefrom. Therefore, Mr. Kingstone, I warne you, if it chauce you hereafter to be of his privy counsell, as for your wisdom ye are very mete, be well assured and advised what ye put in his head, for ye shall never put it out againe."

He then went on with cautions which he desired to be communicated to the king, against "this new sorte of Lutherans," whom he wished him to depress, and warned him against heresy in general, and its evil consequences. He then concluded his speech, and died.

"Master Kingstone, farewell. I can no more say, but I wish, ere I dye, all things to have good successe. My time draweth on faste, I may not tarry with you. And forget not what I have saide and charged you withall: for when I am dead, ye shall, peradventure remember my words better.' And even with those wordes he began to draw his speche at length, and his tongue to faile, his eyes being presently set in his head, whose sighte failed him. Then began we to put him in remembrance of Christ's passion, and caused the yeomen of the guard to stand by secretly, to see him die, and to be witnesses of his wordes at his departure, who heard all his saide communication; and incontinent the clock struck eight, and then gave he up the ghost, and thus he departed this present life. And calling to remembrance howe he saide the day before, that at eight of the clocke we should lose our master, as it is before rehearsed, one of us looking upon another, supposing that either he knew or prophesied of his departure, yet before his departure, we sent for the Abbot of the house, to annoyle him, who made all the speede he could, and came to his departure, and so said certain praiers, before the breath was fully out of his body."

The body of the Cardinal was interred with all the ceremonials and rites of the Catholic church, with great pomp, by torch-light, in the night of the next day. And in the words of Cavendish, we may say—

"Here is the ende and fall of pride and arrogancy of men, exalted by fortune to dignities; for I assure you, in his time, he was the haughtiest man in all his proceedings alive; having more respect to the honor of his person, than he had to his spirituall profession; wherein should be shewed all meekness, humility, and charity; the discussing whereof any further I leave to divines."

As soon as Cavendish had seen the last rites performed over the remains of his master, he speeded to London, there to receive his dispatch from the council. He was sent for by the king, and had a long audience with him. The account which he has left of it enables us to take a very near view of this extraordinary monarch.

"And the next day, being Saint Nicholas day, I was sent for, being in Mr. Kingstone's chamber there in the courte, to come to the king; whom I found shooting at the roundes in the Parcke, on the backside of the garden. And perceiving him occupied in shoting, thought it not good to trouble him: but leaning to a tree, attending there untill he had made an ende of his disporte. And leaning there, being in a great study, what the matter should be that his grace should send for me, at the laste the king came sodenly behind me, and clapped me upon the shoulder; and when I perceived him, I fell upon my knee. And he, calling me by name, sayd unto me, 'I will,' quoth he, 'make an ende of my game, and then I will talk with you;' and so departed to the marke where he had shot his arrowe. And when he came there they were meeting of the shott that lay upon the game, which was ended that shote.

"Then delivered the king his bowe unto the yeoman of his bowes, and went his waies inward; whom I followed; howbeit he called for Sir John Gage, then his vice chamberlaine, with whome he talked, untill he came to the posterne gate

of his garden; the which being open against his coming, he entered; and then was the gate shute after him, which caused me to go my waies.

And ere ever I was past halfe a paire of but-lengths, the gaite opened againe, and Mr. Norris called me againe, commanding me to come unto the kinge, who stode behinde the doore in a night gowne of russet velvet, furred with sables; before whom I kneeled downe, being there with him all alone the space of an hour or more, during which season he examined me of diverse weighty matters, concerning my lord cardinall, wishing rather than twenty thousand pounds that he had lived. He examined me of the fifteen hundred poundes, which Mr. Kingstone moved to my lord before his death, as I have before rehersed. 'Sir,' said I, 'I thinke that I can tell your grace partly where it is, and who hathe it.' 'Yea, can you?' quoth the king; 'then I pray you tell me, and you shall doe me much pleasure, and it shall not be unrewarded.' 'Sir,' said I, 'if it please your highness, after the departure of David Vincent from my lord at Scroby, who had the custody thereof, leaving the same with my lord in diverse bagges, he delivered the same unto a certaine priest safely to kepe to his use.' 'Is this true?' quoth the king. 'Yea, sir,' quoth I, 'without all doubt. The priest shall not be able to deny it in my presence, for I was at the delivery thereof; who hath gotten diverse other rich ornaments into his hands, the which be not rehersed or registered in any of my lord's books of inventory, or other writings, whereby any man is able to charge him therewith, but only I.' 'Well then,' quoth the king, 'let me alone, and kepe this geare secreete betweene yourselfe and me, and let no man knowe thereof; for if I here any more of it, then I knowe by whom it came out. Howbeit,' quoth he, 'three may kepe counsell, if two be awaye; and if I knewe that my cap were privy to my counsell, I would cast it in the fire and burne it. And for your truth and honesty ye shall be our servant, and be in the same roome with us, wherein you were with your old master. Therefore goe you waies unto Sir John Gage our vice chamberlain, to whom have I spoken already to give you your oathe, and to admit you our servaunt in the said roome; and then goe to my lord of Norfolk, and he shall pay you your whole yeares wages, which is ten poundes, is it not so?' quoth the king. 'Yea, forsooth,' quoth I, 'and I am behinde for three quarters of a yeare of the same wages.' 'That is true,' quoth the king, 'therefore ye shall have your whole yeares wages, with our rewarde delivered you by the duke of Norfolk;' promising me furthermore, to be my singular good lord, whensoever occasion should serve. And thus I departed from the kinge."

After this, both Kingston and Cavendish are examined before the council, touching the last words of the Cardinal. It seems his enemies were jealous even of his dying speech, some report of which had been made by the messenger who carried the news of his death to the court. Kingston, and Cavendish also, acting under the advice of the former, were both too cautious to disclose any thing which might have given offence, fearing lest the reporters of disagreeable news might come in for some share of the disgust it would create. The king does not appear to have fulfilled his promise, of taking Cavendish into his service; or else Cavendish himself was unwilling to enter it. All he requested was a cart and horse to carry his property into his own country. The king instantly granted him six of the best horses he could pick from his late lord's, and a cart horse, together with a cart, his arrears of ten poundes, and a reward of twenty. With this wealth Cavendish returned to his native country, to reflect and moralize on the fate of the great man whose eyes he had just closed; and, to use his own words—

THUS ENDED THE LIFE OF THE RIGHT TRIUMPHANT CARDINAL OF ENGLAND, ON WHOSE SOULE JESUS HAVE MERCY! AMEN.

FROM THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE.

Points of Humour. Illustrated by a Series of Plates, from Designs by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. Large 8vo. pp. 48. London, 1823. C. Baldwin.

THIS humorous publication has not yet, we think, appeared in our list as absolutely issued from the press, but we presume, on having received a copy, that it is immediately forthcoming. Impressed with the wide-spreading mischief which the dissemination of Tom and Jerry blackguardism has occasioned, we are yet not afraid to separate this production from that class, and to say something in favour of its execution. It is true that its humour is somewhat low, but it has no tendency to degrade imitative noblemen and gentlemen into scamps; convert quiet lawyers' clerks and timid shopkeepers' 'prentices into bold watch-assaulting ruffians; and turn manners, language, decency, and good order out of their proper places, making society a disgusting tumult, and common life a scene of despicable ribaldry.

The scope of the design has been to afford Mr. Cruikshank an opportunity of embodying drollery and character by his clever pencil. For this purpose several well-known stories are briefly put together, and these the artist has illustrated in ten copperplate and eight wood engravings; the greater number being from Burn's "Jolly beggars." We have a high opinion of Mr. Cruikshank in this way. He is very different from Gillray, North, Rowlandson, and other worthies of caricature; but his own manner is often very happy, and always amusing. It is advantageously exhibited here. An American anecdote of a Captain accused of cowardice, lighting a grenade in a room to prove that he was the bravest of the company, is rather crowded; but its successor, of two figures, is full of as much fun as decorum would sanction in the rather coarse tale. Frederick the Great and the young Prince demanding his Shuttlecock, "Yes or no?" has much character; and the Miller and his faithless Wife, with her Lover's squire in the clock-case, is capitally done in all its appendages. Those addressed to Burns's Cantata partake of the spirit of their original; but as we cannot transfer the proofs to our page, we must be satisfied with saying, that the lovers of humorous art (we cannot add the advocates for the strictest delicacy and propriety) will find much to amuse them in this work.

A LESSON IN DIPLOMACY.

A gentleman who had received an appointment as Envoy to a foreign court, went to Lord Wentworth, to take his advice as to the mode by which he might best execute his mission with credit to himself, and honour to his country. "To do honour to yourself, and serve your country," said that sagacious nobleman, "you must at all times, and on all occasions, *speak the truth*—for the consequence will be, that you will *never be believed*. By this means, you will not only secure yourself against the treachery of the inquisitive, but will put all you deal with at fault in their conjectures and projects."

FROM BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

MATERNAL TENDERNESS.

D'ALEMBERT, MADAME DE TENÇIN, JEANNETON.

Mad. de Tençin. I was directed hither, but I almost doubt the correctness of Pere Antoine's information. You will pardon the intrusion, Monsieur, if I am wrong;—but do I address myself to the gentleman who bears the name of Jean le Rond D'Alembert?

D'Alembert. So I am called, Madame.

Mad. de T. All is right, then. I have received such extraordinary accounts of the abilities you displayed while at college, that my curiosity has been greatly raised. It has, therefore, long been among my first wishes to make acquaintance with you; and as my rank is of no inferior order, my countenance and patronage, young man, may be of considerable service to your welfare.

D.A. You are conferring on me, Madame, too much honour. I am a retired student, busied in the pursuit of a science which would coalesce but ill with the gaieties of fashionable society. Geometry would, I fear, furnish few interesting topics for your splendid coterie.

Mad. de T. Oh, never fear; you are capable of other things besides proficiency in that dull branch of learning. I know that you have evinced great powers in other departments; you are reported to possess readiness, wit, taste, depth, and erudition. At my evening parties, I have visitors whom you would be glad to meet, and before whom you would soon feel yourself proud to display your accomplishments.

D.A. You give me credit, Madame, for more appetite for applause than I can exactly say I feel. I don't doubt but that it will come in due season. As yet, however, I work for improvement, not for show, and am but a novice in the branch of science to which I devote myself: for a while, then, all I desire is leisure to make progress in it.

Mad. de T. My protection will leave you sufficiently master of your time to do all that is needful; it will not usurp upon your self-abandonment to the Muse of Mathematics, if there be such a charmer; for I see that I must suffer her to be co-patroness with me.

D.A. Believe me, Madame, I am most intimately penetrated with gratitude for your offered favour, but I respectfully decline it, as inconsistent with my present designs.

M. de T. Monsieur, you appear to be greatly wanting in a proper sense of the honour I would accord to you. It has not, I assure you, been at all my custom to trouble myself with soliciting the attendance of poor wits at the Hotel de Tençin; and when they have been graced with an invitation, a refusal has been little expected, and still more seldom given.

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D'A. You seem inclined, Madame, to liberate me from the restraints of politeness. Let it suffice that you now know that the attractions of the Hotel de Tençin are not all-prevailing. I am, I really believe, though I am loth to be boastful—but I conceive I am able to resist its magnetic power.

Mad. de T. And who are you, noble Monsieur, since you think yourself entitled to treat me with impertinence? But I have indulgence for you, and even authority over you; so, for this once, I will overlook it.

Jeanneton, (D'A's foster mother.) My child, M. Jean, the lady speaks you fair. Be civil; there is a good man.—Ah, Madame, he is of the sweetest temper, if a body does not put him in a passion.—I think it would do you good, child, to go to the lady's, and not sit moping all day and night with a pen in your hand before those great books.

Mad. de T. Good woman, I should have thought that respect for your superiors would have made you leave the room. Surely your intrusion is not expected, when your lodger has a visiter on business.

D'A. Lady, I beg you will consider that worthy, that most excellent woman, as my mother.' She is the mistress of the house, and I am no lodger of hers.—There is no need, Jeanneton, that you should retire.

Mad. de T. Your mother, indeed? Why, high and mighty Monsieur, were you not found exposed near the church of St. Jean de Rond, from which the name of it was given you?

D'A. Do you taunt me with the mystery, or, to speak plainly, the baseness, the ignominy of my birth? Yes, Madame, I was such a deserted foundling; and for my very existence am I indebted to that dear and kind-hearted woman. True it is, that her hard earnings have not been bestowed in forming me into what I am; for my father (be he who he may—I know him not) has conveyed the means both to support and to educate me. You now know all that I can inform you of; but still I am ignorant of the right by which you break in upon my privacy, pry into the most hidden circumstances of my life, and consider that you have just cause to be offended at my choosing to have the control of my own time and movements.

Mad. de T. Yes, indeed, I have such a right; and I cannot be mistaken, since I came hither to intrust you with an important secret, in thinking that you will hear it with gladness. If this nurse of yours is trust-worthy, she, I suppose, must hear it also; though I should prefer communicating it to yourself alone.

D'A. Jeanneton has ever been my best friend through life, and from her I keep back no secrets that concern my welfare.

Mad. de T. You show a strange taste, methinks, in your choice of a confidante; but no matter. You can depend on her, perhaps, and I perforce must, it seems. Would you, then, like to have intelligence of your mother?

D'A. If you come to speak on that painful subject, abstain, I

conjure you. Pray, leave me in my present ignorance as to who she is. I neither know her, nor wish to know her.

Mad. de T. Unnatural man! Suppose that she is longing to behold you, and fold you to her maternal bosom?

D.A. She has been contented to endure my absence from the hour of my birth till now—full twenty years; her motherly affection has taken a long time in becoming susceptible.

Mad. de T. What, young man,—is a principle of nature so holy as that of a mother's yearning for her child, to be treated with bitter pleasantry and chilling sarcasm? and, good heavens! this too by that very child himself!

D.A. Sacred powers of Nature! are you, Madame, commissioned to say this, by a woman who threw her infant upon the pity of a cold world, left it in the way of the foot of chance, and even, when its father's heart half relented, still kept aloof? If you know this nominal mother of mine, who divested herself of her sex's tenderness,—who, for twenty long years, has hardened herself even against common instinct,—and who now, I know not why, unless it be that the simple Jansenist Fathers may have trumpeted forth some undeserved praises of my abilities, comes forward by you, I presume, as a mediatrix, to claim her interest in me—if you do know her, advise and beseech her still to keep herself unknown to me. It will be for our mutual happiness.

Mad. de T. You are severe, Monsieur, upon the weaknesses of your fellow-creatures. You profess yourself unacquainted with the motives which led her to this conduct. Cannot your charity conceive that they may have been in some measure reasonable? You are incompetent to judge whether her treatment of you may not have been venial,—possibly it was compulsory upon her so to act,—inevitable, not within her scope of free agency to do otherwise. How dare you, then, slander one who has hitherto been all unknown to you?

D.A. Ay, all unknown, indeed! grant she may remain so! I have no affection to spare for her. I owe her no return of love; no reverence; no obedience; no filial duty.

Mad. de T. Recall that rash defiance—your mother is entitled to expect from you the grateful subservience of a son.

D.A. She has no such claim on me. No doubt, I was a child of shame, but her care of me would not have added to her transgression. She renounced me—I will never acknowledge her.

Mad. de T. What will you, sir, against nature? Headstrong youth, I am your mother. Your eminence in fame has wrung the avowal from me. I am your mother; and I expect from you all that a henceforth loving mother may claim.

D.A. You, Madame, my mother—you my mother? Oh, no! (*throwing himself, in tears, into the arms of Jeanneton.*)—here is my mother—these are the breasts from which I drew my earliest nourishment—in sickness, in health—through fretful infancy, and restless boyhood;—with this admirable woman have I found

refuge. I have had no lack of love, though I was a castaway, a foundling, a disowned, nameless, base-born child of dishonour.—Nay, do not weep, good Jeanneton, I am your son, yours only, ever as I ever have been.—Lady, you have acted cruelly towards yourself in making so unnecessary and inopportune a disclosure. I cannot speak with rancour towards one from whom I derived my being, but I retract nothing that I have said. We have kept asunder hitherto—let us do so in future. This conference shall be as unknown as if it had never passed. I pray you will excuse me for saying, that I wish the interview may not be prolonged.

Jeanneton. My dear Jean, you must listen to this great lady; she will advance you in the world. I am a poor simple woman, and should die if my sweet Jean were to forsake me in my old age. But, bless your kind heart, old Jeanneton has no fear of that.

D'A. Hush, Jeanneton, my mind is made up.

Mad. de T. Monster! matricide!—but why should I waste a word upon you? Was I to receive benefit from your acquaintance, or were you to have it from me? But no matter—you cannot be more ready than I am to forget that this interview has ever taken place. I leave you most willingly, very sapient Monsieur, to the maternal embraces of that doubtless very excellent, but not, as it seems, very refined, personage, whom you have preferably delegated to fill my office. There is time to retrieve yourself—do you repent you of your insolence?

D'A. You are safe, Madame, from all injurious retorts on my part; but I implore you, allow me to retire, or to see you to your carriage.

Mad. de T. Oh! Monsieur, spare your unwelcome courtesies. I will relieve you from my importunity.

FROM THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE.

May You Like it. By a Country Curate. Vol. II. 12mo. pp. 386. London 1823. T. Boys.

WE believe we were the first to hail the appearance of the precursor of the present volume, and it has afforded us pleasure to know that our opinion of its merits has been largely sanctioned by the public. The tales of which both volumes are composed are interesting, beautifully moral, graceful, tender and pathetic. They are not to be read without deeply exciting the feelings, and what is yet more important, without producing a good effect upon the mind. In the author it is impossible not to discover an excellent disposition, a refined taste, and a highly cultivated intellect. He leans to the sadder shades of life, but his pictures, though sombre, are not gloomy; and the tears which they may cause to be shed will be those of "sweet sorrow."

Having said thus much in the general praise and of the general

characteristics of the volume, we shall select one from its seven narrations, and endeavour to communicate its most affecting incidents (as an example of the whole) to our readers. It is entitled "*Real Scenes in the Life of an Actress*," and is indeed a moving tale.

"We are waiting for you;—every thing is ready," said a merry voice, while a hand knocked loudly against the door of the principal dressing room in the Exeter Theatre. A young woman, who was sitting alone in the apartment, started up: 'I will come instantly,' she replied; but her heart began to beat violently—she pressed her hands to her bosom, as if to stop its throbbing, and stood awhile irresolute and forgetful. Her dress and hair were slightly disordered:—she could not wait to arrange them as with eager haste she passed on to the stage. The prompter spoke to her, and the next moment she stood before the applauding and crowded audience. It was the benefit of this young actress; and Venice Preserved had been chosen by the Marchioness of R— as the play for that evening. The actress woke from her distracting thoughts—the sound of applause broke upon her ear; and, as she courtesied to the throng, a deep and beautiful blush mounted even to her pallid temples. She began to speak, and every murmur died into stillness. As the sweet tones of her tremulous voice rose into more distinct clearness, Helen forgot her own melancholy; all the soft tumults of a more than anticipated success blended with her deep and tender enthusiasm, and gave a charm like reality to the character she represented: she seemed, indeed, the young and sorrowful creature whom the poet has drawn, confiding, gentle, and loving, among lawless and licentious men; touched to the heart by their cold brutal violence, and yet complaining only with sorrow and surprise at the weakness of her wretched husband; reserving not a thought for her own sufferings, even till the powers of thought were gone, and life had become a broken and unconscious dream of vanished happiness and woe: Ah, even till that very unconsciousness had acted with resistless force upon her frame, and the broken heart had ceased not only to feel, but to throb. Who gazed upon Helen Gray, and felt not this? Tears and silence were the plaudits she received as the curtain fell.

"The curtain rose again:—a light laugh was heard, and the laugh changed into a wild and sportive song. The timid gracefulness of her manner, and the melting tones of her voice, alone betrayed the same being who had been so lately in grief and madness. The freshness of health and joy was smiling in her countenance; flowers clung to the careless rings of her hair, and her steps had all the buoyancy of artless mirth. For some time this unceasing gaiety continued; once or twice Helen passed her hand across her brow; it seemed only to toss back the curls which fell in such rich profusion half over her laughing eyes. But, at last, her delightful voice stopped:—she tottered dizzily to the side of the stage:—she extended her hands to cling for support to the scene:—the actors hastened to her assistance—they lifted her from the floor on which she had fallen—the blood was gushing from her mouth—her eyelids were closed—her lovely arms hung down heavy and motionless as they bore her from the stage.

"The performance ceased, and the stage was soon crowded with inquirers as to the state of the poor actress. She was not dead, but her life was declared to be in great danger; and she was carried, still insensible, to her lodging."

Among those who sought to alleviate her sufferings was a Miss Laura Wentworth, who finds her in a wretched lodging, attended by an elder actress, Mrs. Delmour, a fantastic but kind-hearted creature, and a good contrast in the tale. At the first visit little occurred, except a promise to repeat it, when

"Laura ascended to the healthier atmosphere of Helen's light and lofty chamber. The young actress was sitting up in a large chair near the open window, enjoying the sweet freshness of a fine May morning. Laura saw, for the first time, how beautiful Helen Gray still was; her face and form were indeed well suited to represent the loveliest characters of the drama: the former bore a striking resemblance to a portrait which some of my readers may have seen. The picture of Laura Bianca, by Titian; there is an engraving of it which is styled, '*La Maitresse du*

Titian.' The original I saw at the Louvre; and, till I beheld Helen Gray, I hardly believed there was a human face so lovely. The young actress had the same perfect contour of face and regularity of features, the same large lustrous eyes with their expression of tender earnestness, the same rich hair, simply parting on her forehead, with ripples of gold on its waves of darker auburn; the same small matchless mouth, all glowing with the deepest rose-hues. Helen was very pale; her figure bore no resemblance to the full and rounded proportions of the lovely portrait; illness had reduced her to a slightness almost incredible."

At this interview the benevolent lady engages to send medical aid, and an interesting conversation on the subject of Bible comfort thus concludes:

"Helen paused,—she said no more, but seemed to be musing on deep and afflicting thoughts: a silence ensued, and then Laura said, 'Would you like to see a clergyman? I have an excellent friend, who would, I am sure, come to you, at my request.'

"Helen rose up, weak and trembling as she was, from her chair, and clasping her hands together, exclaimed, 'You have named almost the first wish of my heart. Will any clergyman come to me?'—'He *will* come, I may safely promise you he will,' said Laura, gently leading the sick woman back to her chair. 'Nay, I must leave you,' she added, holding up her finger, as if to command obedience, 'If you do not promise me to compose yourself, and to be very prudent and careful.' She was really alarmed at the agitation of joy which Helen discovered, who now sat very quietly, and smiled while she wiped away her tears.—

"Laura learnt, from the mistress of the house, that the husband of the sick actress was a profligate unfeeling wretch, who had lived upon the talents of his wife, till her exertions had preyed upon, and at last destroyed her health. Helen had been obliged to leave her comfortable lodgings just as her health failed. She removed to an obscure chamber, and no one went to visit her but the kind-hearted Mrs. Delmour, who had even removed her own little packages to the same house, that she might be near, and attend the young and dying actress."

A clergyman, Mr. Curzon, is now introduced to the fast-fading flower:—

"The following day was, indeed, a time of trial to poor Helen. Mr. Curzon, after having conversed with her, perceived that some untold anxiety constantly weighed upon her mind, and he told her what he thought. She confessed that his conjectures were right, but seemed rather to avoid the subject. He had too little curiosity, and too much delicacy, to ask her to confess any thing to him; but he earnestly intreated her to discover every secret of her heart, in humble prayer, to her Heavenly Father. After he had read to her, and prayed with her, he was about to depart, surprised and delighted with the clear knowledge she possessed of spiritual things; a knowledge that showed that her heart was really touched and affected, and that the book of God was no longer a sealed book to her. He was about to depart, when he heard her soft voice, meekly imploring him to return for a short time. 'God has given me strength to speak to you now,' she said; 'I was too weak in purpose before. There is a secret which lies like lead upon my heart, which must be told before I can die in peace. My husband, Sir, is not very kind to me; but, although he neglects me, I am sorry to say any thing against him; I am the most improper person to do so: although he does neglect me, he has a high opinion of his wife; he believes that I am virtuous; he has the most perfect confidence in me. I need not tell you more,' she continued, hanging down her head, and speaking in a voice half choked with repressed feeling; 'I need not tell you more than this: he has been deceived in me—his seemingly virtuous wife has been false to the vows she plighted to him before God.' Helen dropped her head upon her folded arms, and sobbed aloud. When she had recovered herself, she said, 'I have told you my guilty secret, Sir; the worst seems over, for I feel strength now to tell my husband. Might I request you to come and pray with me to-morrow evening? By that time I shall have seen my husband; he has promised to come here to-morrow, at three o'clock.' Mr. Curzon had been at first inclined to dissuade her from this confession to a brutal and profligate wretch, who had himself violated every duty of a husband. He thought of her declining health, and feared

lest the trial should prove too great for her: he said something on the subject, but Helen was determined; she told him that she felt as if power would be given her. He therefore agreed to her request.—It was long after three o'clock when the husband appeared. Helen turned very pale, as he carelessly touched her hand. 'Who is this with you?' he inquired in a loud whisper, looking round on Mr. Curzon with a bold and scrutinizing glance. The old gentleman instantly replied to his whisper, surveying him with a calm but earnest look; 'My name is Curzon, and I am a clergyman. I heard that your wife was a dying woman, and I came to read the Bible to her, and to pray with her.' The man grumbled out a few indistinct words, and fixed on his wife a sullen scowl, which seemed to threaten that his displeasure should be more plainly declared at a future time. 'Husband,' said Helen, quite calmly, in a feeble voice, 'I understand you; but allow me to go to my grave in peace: I shall not be long here, and I cannot consent to trifle any longer with my soul. I must think of God; and therefore I do not now fear to speak of Him to you. Husband, husband!' she continued, perceiving that the savage expression of his countenance remained unchanged, 'let me be heard for once! You will think of this unkindness when I am dead, and be then sorry. What have we both been without religion?'—The man sat down in sullen, careless silence. 'Now, I will speak,' said she, looking up with her face deadly pale; 'Richard,—the man did not seem to notice her—' in the presence of this gentleman, hear me speak. I have sent for you, to tell you what has been too long concealed! You have thought me a virtuous wife, I know you have; in all your unkindness, you have had a full confidence of my innocence. I confess that I have deceived you, that I am a guilty creature!'—'It is a lie,' said the man, indignantly, startled into attention by her words. The blood rushed into his face, and he struck his hand almost furiously on the table; 'It is a lie, Helen, and no one shall dare to tell me otherwise.' Poor Helen sunk back in her chair, and covered her face with her hands, colouring so deeply, that her cheeks and forehead deepened into crimson, when opposed to her pale fingers. 'My dear Richard,' she continued in a faltering voice, leaning forward and looking earnestly in his face; 'before God, and as a dying woman, I declare that I am; no, not *am*, I hope I *am not* now; it was many years ago. I have been * * * Do not ask any particulars; but forgive me before I die.'

"The man met the earnest gaze of his wife, it seemed, very sternly at first; he heard every word she uttered, and still sat with his eyes fixed on her, and then on vacancy. Helen moved slowly from her chair; she approached her husband, her knee trembled beneath her, as she placed her hand on his, and said, meekly and entreatingly, 'Will you forgive such a creature?' His chest began to heave violently, a storm seemed convulsing his frame, it was the storm of passionate grief; he could not control it; the large tears gushed into his eyes; the bold and profligate sinner wept.

"Helen did not move, her hands were clasped on his knee, her face had fallen on her bosom. They feared that she was insensible: she was any thing but insensible, her whole soul was wrapt in a transport of prayer; her husband lifted her up, and placed her tenderly in her chair. He sat down near her, still weeping, and holding her hand. Oh! how different did she look from a guilty creature! how pure and how touching was the expression of her countenance! the fair lids veiling her soft blue eyes, from which the tears quietly trickled over her pale cheeks; her lips moving in prayer. 'My love, my dear injured wife,' said her husband—the very man, whose appearance had seemed to declare that he was lost to every sense and feeling; 'it is I who should ask forgiveness. If you are a sinner, what, what am I? You have my forgiveness freely. Can you ever forgive me?'—'As I hope God, for Christ's sake, will forgive me,' she replied. 'I cannot bear it any longer,' said the man; 'I will come to you again soon, I must go for a short time.'—'Richard!' she said. The man stopped: Helen did not speak, but she looked toward the Bible which lay open upon the table. 'I know what you would tell me,' said he; 'that book has taught you to act thus; I can never forget it.'—'It is the book of life,' exclaimed Helen. The man came back from the door, he placed his hand upon the Bible, and then looked at Mr. Curzon. 'Take it, it is yours,' said the old clergyman; 'and may God's blessing be with it.' Richard Gray took up the book—The door closed on him."

Laura is prevented from visiting Helen for a time, after this trying scene: she is then hastily called upon to see her before she dies:

"As she passed along the streets, the dim soft gloom of twilight made her feel more melancholy, and the freshening breeze, which was felt by others as a delightful change from the heat of the day, made her shiver with cold. She sighed as she met frequent parties of happy persons (they all seemed happy to her) returning from their evening walks in the neighbouring country. Some of them were laughing loudly, others carried in their hands large nosegays, and branches of hawthorn in full blossom, which scented the cool air as they passed along.

"The house in which Helen Gray lodged had never seemed so dismal as on that evening. The shop and staircase felt oppressively hot with confined air. When Laura had reached the chamber of Helen, her melancholy feelings left her, for her whole attention was called to the scene of death before her, and that was too absorbing to allow any uncertain sorrows to disturb her mind. The dying woman was forbidden to speak, and Mrs. Delmour pointed to a sheet of paper and a pencil which lay beside her.—The darkness of twilight had cleared away into the calm splendour of a bright moonlight night: the moonbeams streamed into the chamber through the open window, and the candle's light looked dim. Helen sat in a large chair before the window: in the full radiance of the moonshine, her face appeared of a deathly paleness, and her white garments glistened with dazzling lustre; she looked like one already dead, and beautiful in death. Laura supposed that she was asleep, and stealing very softly to her side, she sat down in silence. Helen was not asleep—she raised her eyes, and held out her hand to her friend: that hand was icy cold, and moist with the damps of death; but tenderly it returned the pressure of her friend's. The prayer-book, in which Helen had accompanied Mr. Curzon, during his performance of the sacrament service, still lay open on the table: she leaned forward, drew the candle nearer, and turning over a few leaves, gave the book to Laura: her finger pointed to the commendatory prayer, for a dying person at the point of departure: and she looked up, with a smile on her face, to Laura, who perfectly understood the wish expressed in her countenance. They knelt down, and Laura then first perceived a person who had been sitting also in silence in a darker corner of the chamber—he was the husband of Helen Gray. They knelt down; Helen endeavoured to rise, but was unable to do so; supported by the nurse, she sat upright in her chair, with her hands clasped together, till Laura had finished praying. Then Helen sunk back again, and remained in silent thought, with her eyes fixed on her kind friend for some minutes; again a smile beamed over her face, her lips unclosed; but she seemed immediately to recollect, that she was forbidden to speak, and quietly extended her hand towards the paper and pencil: she vainly attempted to write, but she could not guide the pencil properly; Laura endeavoured to assist her, but the pencil fell from her fingers, and she said, 'I cannot see. Thank God, I have seen you, my dear friend—now the light of the candle looks dim,—now all is darkness: death must be very near me.' Her eyelids closed, she fell back, and Laura feared she was dead; but again she raised her hands, and held them out towards the place where her husband had been sitting: he came to her, and throwing himself on the ground before her, pressed them repeatedly to his lips. Just then Laura heard, as Helen drew her breath, a faint rattle mingled with the sound of her breathing: she had seemed for some minutes to breathe with difficulty—Helen sunk down from her chair; they thought that she was falling—she was not falling, she was striving to kneel, and, supported in their arms, she did kneel—she lifted up her open hands, and, with trembling lips, she slowly uttered out the words: 'He goeth before them, and the sheep follow him, for they know his voice.' She could not speak afterwards—her head sunk on Laura's shoulder—Laura could feel the breath of the dying woman blowing upon her neck: more and more faintly came that cold damp breath, and with it was heard again the convulsive rattle. Laura could scarcely sustain the weight of the dying woman; a faint and sickening shudder seemed to creep through her own frame: again the cold breath blew upon her neck, and Laura half shrunk away from it. She struggled with her weakness, and bent down affectionately over the pale face which lay upon her bosom; the tears streamed from her eyes—they dropt upon Helen's face, but Helen knew it not—the heavy head sunk lower and lower on her friend's bosom—Helen Gray was dead."

Need we add even to this imperfect example of the writer's talents any commendation of his work?

FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

L'Hermite en Province, &c. i. e. The Hermit in the Provinces, or Observations on French Manners and Customs at the beginning of the Nineteenth Century. By M. DE JOUY, of the French Academy. Vol. IV. 12mo. pp. 366. With Engravings. Paris, 1822. Imported by Treuttel and Co. Price 7s. 6d.

THREE former volumes of this lively and ethic tour have been noticed in our eighty-fifth, ninety-first, and ninety-fifth volumes; and the fourth yields not to its predecessors in variety of topic, precision of delineation, or urbanity of style. Forty years have now elapsed since the writer of this article undertook nearly as extensive a tour through the provinces of France as M. Jouy has narrated, and he can attest the fidelity of the picture of provincial manners most certainly; while he feels not a little surprised that they remain so unchanged for more than a generation, and when so great a revolution has taken place in the political institutions of the country and in its public education. Yet, wherever he reads, he is reminded of old times, in all the little particulars of drapery, dialect, building, landscape, and in the very proportion of the classes of characters which assemble in the public walks. The gale of Revolution has bowed the barley into billows, but left the trefoil at its feet, seemingly unconscious of its blast.

The department of the Isere is now the site of the Hermit's peregrinations. He passes from Lyons to St. Marcellin, to Grenoble, and to Gap; wanders among the mountains, visits the Chartreuse, and returns at length to Lyons by La Tour du Pin. In the neighbourhood of Gap, at Champsaur, occurs the following pastoral scene, which paints the native hospitality of the mountaineers; and the whole volume is a sort of eclogue in the form of a tour:

"Crossing the village, I stopped to contemplate a group of girls, who were dancing to the music of their own song, under a canopy of verdure formed by an old and spreading elm, which adorned the turf of the common. A young man came towards me, and, addressing me in a frank and easy manner, said to me, 'Sir, this is the holiday of the village saint, and every inhabitant of consideration keeps open table to-day for the passing stranger or the poor neighbour; will you do my father the honour to be his guest? To-morrow, if you want a guide, I shall be happy to attend you any where.'—I gave my hand to the young man, and said that I would accept the patriarchal hospitality of his family. At his father's dwelling, which seemed one of the best farm-houses in the parish, I was introduced into a large hall: where a man whom age had marked with many wrinkles, and with white hair, rose to receive me with a smile full of benevolence. Then patting his son on the cheek, he said, 'My dear Peter, you are as lucky as I used to be at your age; if a stranger came to the place, I always tried to meet him first, and to bring him to my father's table. I will get this gentleman some refreshment, and gladly offer him a lodging: but you must be his guide when he wishes to roam about, for I am no longer active enough for that office.'

"As the day was hot, I gladly accepted some immediate refreshment. After the common questions, I learnt that these parish-feasts are called *vogues*; that every house is open on that day; that toasts are given after dinner; and that, the master of the feast setting the example, the guests empty their glasses in turn.

This ceremony was repeated quite as often as I wished; and when it grew dusk, and I thought that I might retire, it seemed to me a long way to my bed."

The entire work consists of eighteen numbers, one of which includes some very equitable criticisms on *Bonaparte*. It is so agreeably written that we have no doubt of its becoming a French classic, and it is worthy of the pen of their Addison.

FROM THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE.

Recollections of the Peninsula. By the Author of Sketches in India. 8vo. pp. 262. London, 1823. Longman & Co.

THE author of this book, an officer attached to the victorious force of the illustrious Wellington in Spain, has contrived, amid the vicissitudes of a military life, to collect materials, or rather to store observations, for a very pleasing, picturesque, and entertaining view of the Peninsula at a period the most interesting in its history. Led by habit and frequent disappointments to expect little from such a quarter, except tales in the King Cambyzes's vein, or in the manner of Othello, about "Antres vast and deserts idle—moving accidents by flood and field," &c. these *Recollections* came upon us with a double charm; and though our readers may be deprived by our exordium of that advantage, we still hope that our extracts will suffice to produce the same effect upon them which the entire volume did upon us.

The writer's acquaintance with his subject was acquired during five years' residence, from the year 1809; and, to commence with the commencement, we shall copy his account of his first billet in Portugal, (at Santarem):

"The regiment was quartered for the night in a convent, and I received a billet on a private house. At the door of it I was met by the owner, a gentleman-like looking well dressed man, of about sixty, and of a very mild, pleasing address; he led the way to a neat apartment, and a pretty bedchamber. I was covered with dust and dirt, and declined them as too good; but how was my confusion increased, when my host himself brought me water in a silver basin to wash, while his good lady presented me with chocolate, bearing it herself on a salver. I feared that they had mistaken my rank from my two epaulettes, and I explained to them that I was a simple lieutenant. No: they well knew my rank, but did not pay me the less attention: they perfumed my chamber with rose-water, took off my knapsack with their own hands, and then left me to refresh myself by washing and dressing, and to recover from the pleasing astonishment into which their cordial and polite reception had thrown me. In the evening my party dined here, and the worthy host presented us with some magnums of fine old wine, and the choicest fruit. We made scruples; he overruled them with true and unaffected hospitality, and we, in return, pressed on his acceptance six bottles of excellent Sauterne, the remains of our small stock of French wine.

"Such was my treatment in the first billet I ever entered in Portugal, and such, with very few exceptions, was the character of the reception given by Portuguese of all classes, according to their means, at the commencement of the Peninsula struggle to the British army: rich and poor, the clergy and laity, the fidalgo and the peasant, all expressed an eagerness to serve, and a readiness to honour us. In these early marches, the villa, the monastery, and the cottage were thrown open at the approach of our troops; the best apartments, the neatest cells, the humble

but only beds, were all resigned to the march-worn officers and men, with undisguised cheerfulness. It is with pain I am compelled to confess, that the manners of my strange, but well meaning countrymen, soon wrought a change in the kind dispositions of this people."

This quotation may appropriately be followed by a more striking picture of a bivouack:

"It is a pleasing sight to see a column arrive at its halting ground. The camp is generally marked out, if circumstances allow of it, on the edge of some wood, and near a river or stream. The troops are halted in open columns, arms piled, picquets and guards paraded and posted, and, in two minutes, all appear at home. Some fetch large stones to form fire-places; others hurry off with canteens and kettles for water, while the wood resounds with the blows of the bill-hook. Dispersed, under the more distant trees, you see the officers; some dressing, some arranging a few boughs to shelter them by night; others kindling their own fires; while the most active are seen returning from the village laden with bread, or, from some flock of goats feeding near us, with a supply of new milk. How often, under some spreading cork-tree, which offered shade, shelter, and fuel, have I taken up my lodging for the night; and here, or by some gurgling stream, my bosom fanned by whatever air was stirring, made my careless toilette, and sat down with men I both liked and esteemed, to a coarse but wholesome meal, seasoned by hunger and by cheerfulness. The rude simplicity of this life I found most pleasing. An enthusiastic admirer of nature, I was glad to move and dwell amid her grandest scenes, remote from cities, and unconnected with what is called society. Her mountains, her forests, and, sometimes, her bare and bladeless plains, yielded me a passing home: her rivers, streams, and springs, cooled my brow and allayed my thirst. The inconvenience of one camp taught me to enjoy the next; and I learned (a strange lesson for the thoughtless) that wood and water, shade and grass, were luxuries. I saw the sun set every evening: I saw him rise again each morning in all his majesty, and I felt that my very existence was a blessing. Strange, indeed, to observe how soon men, delicately brought up, can inure themselves to any thing. Wrapt in a blanket, or a cloak, the head reclining on a stone or a knapsack, covered by the dews of night, or drenched perhaps by the thunder-shower, sleeps many a youth, to whom the carpeted chamber, the curtained couch, and the bed of down, have been from infancy familiar."

We like these descriptions, for they place distinctly and vividly before our eyes the images of things to which, though often presented to the imagination, we rarely attach individuality: by simply telling us a few particulars, the author enables us to see, as it were, a whole regiment take up its quarters in a town, or encamp on the open field. The latter picture is added to in another part:

"A bivouack in heavy weather does not, I allow, present a very comfortable appearance. The officers sit shivering in their wet tents, idle and angry till dinner-time, after which they generally contrive to kill the evening with mulled wine, round a camp-kettle lid filled with hot wood-ashes by way of a fire. The men, with their forage caps drawn over their ears, huddle together under banks or walls, or crowd round cheerless, smoky fires, cursing their commissaries, the rain, and the French."

Another view of a soldier's life occurs upon a march, while almost alone, going to sick quarters:

"At the distance of two leagues from Estremos, the sun set with the most threatening appearances. A sky heavily overcast; a breathless, yet speaking stillness around us; far off, amid the southern hills, a low muttering sound, that faintly reached us; all foretold a violent autumnal storm. Being both invalids, we felt not a little anxious about shelter, and spurred forward; but strength was denied me, and I fell on the neck of my horse, nearly fainting: the colonel would not leave me, and bidding me recline on my saddle, made his groom lead my animal by the bridle. Here you may frequently travel from one town to another without

passing a village, a country-house, a cottage, or indeed a human being. No clean ale-house, as in England; no rustic auberge, as in France, invites you to refreshment and repose. If you are benighted, and the weather be fine, you must betake yourself to the first tree; if it be stormy, and you have no baggage, or conveniences for encamping, you must wander on. Luckily, however, for us, we espied a light at some distance from the road, and made towards it. It proceeded from a solitary cottage; and a woman, who answered to our knocks, expressed her willingness to receive us. Wretched as was her appearance, I never saw more cordial, more fearless hospitality: she heaped up her little fire, killed and stewed for us two out of the few chickens she had, spread for us two straw mattresses near the hearth, and regarded us the while with looks of the most benevolent pleasure. Seated on a rude bench of cork, near this cottage fire, I thankfully partook of the repast she prepared; and while the thunder burst in peals the most loud and awful over our heads, and the pouring rain beat rudely on her humble dwelling, with a heartfelt sensation of gratitude I composed myself to rest.

"Comfort is ever comparative; and, after all, if his wishes be moderate, how little does man require. Sick, hungry, and exhausted, I wanted shelter, food, and repose: I enjoyed all these blessings; the storm raged without, but not a raindrop fell on me. I never ate with a keener relish, I never passed a night in more sweet or refreshing slumbers. Yet where, let me ask, was the hotel in England which, in the caprice of sickness, would have satisfied all my wants and wishes? When we rose with the morning to depart, our good hostess was resolute in refusing any remuneration, though the wretched appearance of her hovel, and the rags on her children, bespoke the extreme of poverty. 'No,' said she, 'the saints guided you to my threshold, and I thank them. My husband, too, was journeying yesterday, perhaps last night, amid that thunder-storm; he also knocked at some Christian's door, and found shelter.'"

But all the foregoing yield to the first encounter:

"Two hours before break of day, the line was under arms; but the two hours glided by rapidly and silently. At last, just as the day dawned, a few distant shots were heard on our left, and were soon followed by the discharge of cannon, and the quick, heavy, and continued roll of musquetry. We received orders to move, and support the troops attacked: the whole of Hill's corps, amounting to fourteen thousand men, was thrown into open column, and moved to its left in steady double quick, and in the highest order.

"When within about a furlong of one of the points of attack, from which the enemy was just then driven by the seventy-fourth regiment, I cast my eye back to see if I could discover the rear of our divisions: eleven thousand men were following; all in sight, all in open column, all rapidly advancing in double quick time. No one, but a soldier, can picture to himself such a sight; and it is, even for him, a rare and a grand one. It certainly must have had a very strong effect on such of the enemy as, from the summit of the ridge, which they had most intrepidly ascended, beheld it, and who, ignorant of Hill's presence, thought they had been attacking the extreme of the British right. We were halted exactly in rear of that spot, from which the seventy-fourth regiment, having just repulsed a column, was retiring in line, with the most beautiful regularity, its colours all torn with shot. Here a few shells flew harmlessly over our line, but we had not the honour of being engaged. The first wounded man I ever beheld in the field was carried past me, at this moment: he was a fine young Englishman, in the Portuguese service, and lay helplessly in a blanket, with both his legs shattered by cannon-shot. He looked pale, and big drops of perspiration stood on his manly forehead; but he spoke not—his agony appeared unutterable. I secretly wished him death; a mercy, I believe, that was not very long withheld. About this time, Lord Wellington, with a numerous staff, galloped up, and delivered his orders to General Hill, immediately in front of our corps; I therefore distinctly overheard him. 'If they attempt this point again, Hill, you will give them a volley, and charge bayonets; but don't let your people follow them too far down the hill.' I was particularly struck with the style of this order, so decided, so manly, and breathing no doubt as to the repulse of any attack; it confirmed confidence. Lord Wellington's simplicity of manner in the delivery of orders, and in command, is quite that of an able man. He has nothing of the truncheon about him; nothing full-mouthed, important, or fussy: his orders, on the field, are all short, quick, clear, and to the purpose. The

French, however, never moved us throughout the day: their two desperate assaults had been successfully repelled, and their loss, as compared to ours, exceedingly severe. From the ridge, in front of our present ground, we could see them far better than the evening before; arms, appointments, uniforms, were all distinguishable. They occupied themselves in removing their wounded from the foot of our position; but as none of their troops broke up, it was generally concluded that they would renew their attacks on the morrow. In the course of the day, our men went down to a small brook, which flowed between the opposing armies, for water; and French and English soldiers might be seen drinking out of the same narrow stream, and even leaning over to shake hands with each other. One private, of my own regiment, actually exchanged forage caps with a soldier of the enemy, as a token of regard and good will. Such courtesies, if they do not disguise, at least soften the horrid features of war; and it is thus we learn to reconcile our minds to scenes of blood and carnage. Towards sunset, our picquets were sent down the hill, and I plainly saw them posted among the corpses of those who had fallen in the morning. Nothing, however, immediately near us, presented the idea of recent slaughter; for the loss, on our side, was so partial, and considering the extent of our line, so trifling, that there was little, if any vestige of it: not so the enemy's; but as they suffered principally on their retreat down the hill, their slain lay towards the bottom of it; from whence, indeed, they had been removing their wounded.

"The view of the enemy's camp by night far exceeded, in grandeur, its imposing aspect by day. Innumerable and brilliant fires illuminated all the country spread below us: while they yet flamed brightly, the shadowy figures of men and horses, and the glittering piles of arms, were all visible. Here and there, indeed, the view was interrupted by a few dark patches of black fir, which, by a gloomy contrast, heightened the effect of the picture; but, long after the flames expired, the red embers still emitted the most rich and glowing rays, and seemed, like stars, to gem the dark bosom of the earth, conveying the sublime ideas of a firmament spread beneath our feet. It was long before I could tear myself from the contemplation of this scene. Earnestly did I gaze on it; deeply did it impress me; and my professional life may never, perhaps, again present to me any military spectacle more truly magnificent. Every one was fully persuaded that the morning would bring with it a general and bloody engagement."

Again—

"The battle array of a large army is a most noble and imposing sight. To see the hostile lines and columns formed, and prepared for action; to observe their generals and mounted officers riding smartly from point to point, and to mark every now and then, one of their guns opening on your own staff, reconnoitring them, is a scene very animating, and a fine prelude to a general engagement. On your own side, too, the hammering of flints and loosening of cartridges; the rattle of guns and tumbrils, as they come careering up to take their appointed stations; and the swift galloping of aid-de-camps in every direction, here bringing reports to their generals, there conveying orders to the attacking columns, all speak of peril and death, but also of anticipated victory! and so cheerfully, that a sensation of proud hope swells the bosom, which is equal, if not superior, to the feeling of exultation in the secure moment of pursuit and triumph."

Sometimes a small river only divided the opposed armies, and the outposts chatted familiarly across the brook.

"Walking by the river side, we observed several French officers. They saluted us, with a 'Bon jour, Messieurs' and we soon fell into conversation. They were exceedingly courteous.—They asked after Lord Wellington; praising him greatly for his conduct of the campaign. They next inquired, if our king was not dead; and on our replying that he was not, one of them repeated, 'Le général dit, que tout le monde aime votre Roi George, qu'il a été bon père de famille, et bon père de son peuple.'—A great deal of good humour prevailed; we quizzed each other freely.—They had a theatre; and asked us to come over, and witness the performance of that evening, which would be 'L'Entrée des François dans Lisbon.' A friend of mine most readily replied, that he recommended to them 'La répétition d'une nouvelle pièce, "La Fuite des François."' They burst into

a long, loud, and general laugh:—the joke was too good, too home. Their general, however, did not think it wise to remain longer; but he pulled off his hat, and wishing us good day with perfect good humour, went up the hill, and the group immediately dispersed."

Of Vittoria we have not only an excellent general account, but some very affecting details:

"A paymaster of a regiment of British infantry, had two sons, lieutenants in the corps in which he served; he was a widower, and had no relations besides these youths; they lived in his tent, were his pride and delight. The civil staff of a regiment usually remain with the baggage when the troops engage, and join them with it afterwards. In the evening, when this paymaster came up, an officer met him. 'My boys,' said the old man, 'how are they? *Have they done their duty?*'—They have behaved most nobly; but you have lost'—'Which of them?'—'Alas! both; they are numbered with the dead.'—A friend of mine, belonging to another corps, lay wounded in Vittoria. I heard of it, and hastened to his billet. I found him reclining on a sofa, and looking, as I thought, remarkably well. He received me cordially and cheerfully. 'I rejoice,' said I, 'to see you smiling; your injury is of course slight.'—'You are mistaken; my wound is mortal, and my hours, I believe, are almost numbered. I shall never leave this room but as a corpse; but these are events which should never take a soldier by surprise.'—He died in two days.—Returning from his funeral, I met a sergeant of my regiment, who had come with an escort from the division. 'How are they all, serjeant?' said I, 'We have lost Mr. —.' 'How? in an affair?'—'No; we had a dreadful storm among the mountains, and in one of the narrowest passes, himself and his horse were struck by lightning, and killed on the spot.' This too, was a noble minded zealous officer, one who had braved many a scene of peril, and whose ambition it had ever been to perish in the field. You grow familiar on service with death and sorrow; you do not weep—but if he have an eye to observe, and a heart to feel, few men see or suffer more than a soldier."

We shall conclude our review by noticing that the author was taken prisoner, and giving from his sketches a striking one of an Arragoneze Guerrilla:

"He was wounded in the leg, and of course for a time incapable of service. The circumstances of his situation, the fate of his family, and his language, will explain the nature both of the formation and feelings of many of these Guerrilla corps, better perhaps than a far longer and more detailed account of them. I asked him where he lived, and under whom he served. 'Senhor,' said he, 'I have no home, no relations, nothing save my country and my sword. My father was led out, and shot in the market place of my native village; our cottage was burned; my mother died of grief; and my wife, who had been violated by the enemy, fled to me, then a volunteer with Palafox, and died in my arms, in a hospital in Saragossa. I serve under no particular chief. I am too miserable; I feel too revengeful to support the restraint of discipline and the delay of manoeuvre. I go on any enterprise I hear of: if I am poor, on foot; if chance or plunder has made me rich, on horseback; I follow the boldest leader; but I have sworn never to dress a vine or plough a field till the enemy is driven out of Spain.' Such was the desperate, the undying hatred to the French which many of these Guerrillas cherished—a hatred which often had its source in wrongs and losses like those I have related."

Upon the whole we have merely to repeat our praises of this volume, as one of gratifying interest and agreeable reading.

FROM BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

HINTS FOR JURYMEN.

WE beg earnestly to solicit the attention of ALL who are likely to be called upon to serve their country in the important character of jurymen, to a work* which has lately been published in London, by two professional gentlemen—a physician and a lawyer; both of them men of most distinguished talents and reputation. The subject is that science which the French writers call “*Medicine Legale*,” and which we, who may be said to have borrowed this science from the French, call “*Medical Jurisprudence*.” It has been defined by the present authors, “that science by which medicine, and its collateral branches are made subservient to the construction, elucidation, and administration of the laws; and to the preservation of public health.” That part of the science which is described in the last clause of this definition, is in itself of high importance, and gentlemen likely to be summoned as jurymen, in cases where damages are demanded for *nuisances*, ought to be acquainted with all that Messrs. Paris and Fonblanque have said concerning it. But the other is something of a still higher character. It embraces matters, in the right understanding of which human life itself is every day involved; and we have no hesitation in saying, that he who, now that there is a plain and distinct English treatise upon it (which there never was before), shall wilfully continue in a state of ignorance, and in that state sit as a judge upon the fate of a fellow citizen, is chargeable with the most serious, and most culpable of indiscretions.

Take the ordinary case of a trial for murder, by poisoning; and let any one who has ever been present at a scene of the kind, reflect for a moment on what that scene presented. What is more common than to hear three doctors, or *soi disant* doctors, on the one side, swearing that the defunct was poisoned, and as many brothers of the trade swearing, five minutes afterwards, directly the reverse? And then, how are these conflicting depositions commented upon? Why, by a couple of barristers, who probably cannot speak three sentences on end, on such a question, without satisfying every medical man in the room that they have no *ideas* about it at all, and are merely quirking it upon the strength of a dozen or two hard words, and long-winded phrases; and then, perhaps, by a judge who, the more earnest is his desire to penetrate into the truth of the case, is only the more perplexed by the real or apparent contradictions of the evidence which his note-book contains. What can, under such circumstances, be harder than the condition of the jurymen? or what less wonderful than that the decisions of juries, upon questions of this kind have, more frequently than any others, excited the astonishment of scientific persons, in reading the printed details of the whole procedure?

* *Medical Jurisprudence*. By J. A. Paris, M. D., &c. &c. and J. S. M. Fonblanque, Barrister at Law. 3 vols. 8vo. W. Phillips, London, 1823.

Suppose a jury of plain men called upon to decide questions of law, in the same way in which they are every day called upon to decide these medical questions. Suppose Dr. Abercrombie and Dr. Thomson fighting a furious battle, and quoting against each other the Pandects, Maxwell Morison's Dictionary, and the Acts of Sederunt and Adjournal. Suppose Dr. Hamilton summing up the arguments *pro* and *con*, in a speech of two hours' length; can any body doubt that all this would move much merriment among the lawyers in the gallery—or, if the case were one of serious importance, emotions of a very different nature? And yet, who can doubt that Drs. Abercrombie, Thomson, and Hamilton, have all, and each, or one or other of them, ere now, listened with equally disrespectful feelings to the medical prose of the first barristers and judges of the country?

Were it possible that juries should be summoned to determine points of pure law, no lawyer will hesitate to say, that jurymen ought, all of them, to become lawyers. And *we* can have no more hesitation about saying, that as juries are every day called upon to determine questions purely medical, chemical, &c. it would be most desirable that jurymen should endeavour to acquire, we do not say the knowledge and skill of professional physicians and chemists, but certainly such an acquaintance with the elements and phraseology of these sciences, as might enable them to attach distinct ideas to the words which they are to hear from the lips of medical and chemical witnesses. It is to the vague, indistinct, and dreamy state of mind produced by the sudden infusion of a great mass of half understood words and facts; it is to this alone that we can refer the gross and flagrant absurdities of certain famous verdicts in cases of poisoning, which will immediately suggest themselves to the mind of any professional person. We are quite satisfied that the thing we have spoken of as desirable, is, to any extent at least, impossible. Nevertheless, every jurymen who is in the habit of reading, ought to read Paris and Fonblanque. And certainly, if such reading were to become common, we do not think it could fail to produce most admirable effects, both directly upon the minds of the jurymen themselves, and indirectly upon the minds of those professional persons who have occasion to open their mouths in their presence.

And the book has this great merit, that it is a most amusing as well as a most instructive and learned book. We venture to say, that no three volumes containing such a mass of interesting information, delivered in such a clear, unaffected, and engaging style, have appeared for these many years past. It is very true, that the professional student must still make frequent reference to Fodoré, whose much more extensive work indeed will probably hold its place for a full century to come. But for all the great public of England, here is a book perfect and sufficient in itself—profound and accurate in science—skilful in illustration—and elegant and perspicuous in language. We may add, that though it be the

work of two authors of different professions, they have contrived to blend themselves so thoroughly, that we suspect it would be no easy matter either for a lawyer or a physician to say where the one handiwork commences and the other ends, in almost any one section of the three volumes.

We have no intention of *reviewing* Messrs. Paris and Fonblanque in a monthly miscellany such as this. That will be done in the proper scientific journals—but we have been much struck, in going over the work, with the propriety of doing what we can for the extent of its non-professional circulation, and we now do so by throwing together a few extracts relating to subjects, which, we are sure, no reader will consider as uninteresting—or as unsuitable to the unpretending place in which they are to make their appearance. We shall endeavour to select passages of very various character, and, so far as we can judge, containing *new* facts. The first we shall quote, presents us with the *rationale* of a very old trial by ordeal among the Hindoos.

“The trials by ordeal in the dark ages of modern Europe, when the decisions of the most important questions was abandoned to chance or to fraud, when carrying in the hand a piece of red-hot iron, or plunging the arm in boiling water,* was deemed a test of innocence, and a painful or fraudulent experiment, supplanting a righteous award, might consign to punishment the most innocent, or save from it the most criminal of men, have ever been deemed a shocking singularity in the institutions of our barbarous ancestors. We are ready to admit the justice of this charge generally; and yet we fancy that, upon some occasions, we are enabled to discern through the dim mist of credulity and ignorance, a ray of policy that may have been derived from the dawning of a rude philosophy. Trials by ordeal, as we are informed by Mr. *Mil*, hold a high rank in the institutes of the Hindus. It appears that there are no less than nine different modes of trial, but that *by water* in which an idol has been washed, and the one *by rice*, are those which we shall select as well calculated to illustrate the observations which we shall venture to offer. The first of these trials consists in obliging the accused person to drink three draughts of water in which the images of the Sun and other deities have been washed; and if within fourteen days he has any indisposition, his crime is considered as proved. In the other species of ordeal alluded to, the persons suspected of theft are each made to chew a quantity of dried rice, and to throw it upon some leaves or bark of a tree; they, from whose mouth it comes dry, or stained with blood, are deemed guilty, while those who are capable of returning it in a pulpy form, are at once pronounced innocent. When we reflect upon the superstitious state of these people, and, at the same time, consider the influence which the mind, under such circumstances, is capable of producing upon the functions of the body, it is impossible not to admit that the ordeals above described are capable of assisting the ends of justice, and of leading to the detection of guilt. The accused, conscious of his own innocence, will fear no ill effects from the magical potations, but will cheerfully acquiesce in the ordeal; whereas the guilty person, from the mere uneasiness and dread of his own mind, will, if narrowly watched, most probably discover some symptoms of bodily indisposition, before the expiration of the period of his probation. In the case of the ordeal by *rice*, a result, in correspondence with the justice of the case, may be fairly anticipated on the soundest principle of physiology. There is perhaps no secretion that is more immediately influenced by the passions than that of saliva. The sight of a delicious repast to a hungry man is not more effectual in exciting the salivary secretion, than is the

* Priests were among the earlier chemists, and it is asserted that they frequently instructed the accused, either from a conviction of his innocence, or from less disinterested motives, in some of those means of resisting the action of fire, by which modern jugglers are still enabled to amuse and to astonish the vulgar.

operation of fear and anxiety in repressing and suspending it. If the reader be a medical practitioner, we refer him for an illustration to the feelings which he experienced during his examination before the medical colleges; and if he be a barrister, he may remember with what a parched lip he gave utterance to his first address to the jury. Is it then unreasonable to believe that a person under the influence of conscious guilt, will be unable, from the dryness of his mouth, to surrender the rice in that soft state, which an innocent individual, with an undiminished supply of saliva, will so easily accomplish?"

M. Fodoré, in his great work, (vol. III. p. 204,) details the horrible case of a poor man at Rheims, who was executed in the course of the last century for the supposed murder of his wife, by stabbing or strangling, and then burning her. She was much addicted to the use of spirituous liquors, and the husband to the last moment persisted in saying that he had entered the house in the evening after his work was done, and found nothing but cinders, and bones, and rags on the floor by the side of his barrel of eau-de-vie. Another story of precisely the same kind is told of one *Millet* in 1725. Messrs. Paris and Fonblanque do not go into these details of their great master's work, but they agree with him—1st, that it is quite possible for persons to die of what has been called, (though rather inaccurately) *spontaneous combustion*; and, 2dly, that all those who have so died, have owed their fate to immoderate indulgence in the use of spirits. They abridge from Fodoré in one of their notes the following appalling example—it happened in the vicinity of Florence in 1776.

"Don Gio Maria Bertholi having spent the day in travelling about the country, arrived in the evening at the house of his brother-in-law; he immediately requested to be shown to his destined apartment, where he had a handkerchief placed between his shirt and shoulders, and being left alone, betook himself to his devotions. A few minutes had scarcely elapsed when an extraordinary noise was heard from the apartment, and the cries of the unfortunate priest were particularly distinguished; the people of the house hastily entering the room, found him extended on the floor, and surrounded by a light flame which receded (*à mesure*) as they approached, and finally vanished. On the following morning, the patient was examined by M. Battaglia, who found the integuments of the right arm almost entirely detached and pendant from the flesh; from the shoulders to the thighs the integuments were equally injured; and on the right hand, the part most injured, mortification had already commenced, which notwithstanding immediate scarification rapidly extended itself. The patient complained of burning thirst, was horribly convulsed, and was exhausted by continual vomiting accompanied by fever and delirium. On the fourth day, after two hours of comatose insensibility, he expired; during the whole period of his suffering, it was impossible to trace any symptomatic affection. A short time previous to his decease, M. Battaglia observed with astonishment, that putrefaction had made so much progress that the body already exhaled an insufferable odour, worms crawled from it on the bed, and the nails had become detached from the left hand.

"The account given by the unhappy patient was, that he felt a stroke like the blow of a cudgel on the right hand, and at the same time he saw a lambent flame attach itself to his shirt, which was immediately reduced to ashes, his wristbands at the same time being utterly untouched. The handkerchief, which as before mentioned, was placed between his shoulders and his shirt, was entire, and free from any trace of burning; his breeches were equally uninjured; but though not a hair of his head was burnt, his coif was totally consumed. The weather on the night of the accident was calm, the air very pure; no empyreumatic or bituminous odour was perceived in the room, which was also free from smoke; there was no vestige of fire, except that the lamp, which had been full of oil, was found dry, and the wick reduced to cinder.

"M. Fodoré observes, that the inflamed hydrogen, occasionally observed in churchyards, vanishes on the approach of the observer, like the flame which consumed P. Bertholi; and as he, in common with others, has remarked that this gas is developed in certain cases of disease, even in the living body, he seems inclined to join M. Mere in attributing this species of spontaneous combustion to the united action of hydrogen and electricity in the first instance, favoured by the accumulation of animal oil and the impregnation of spirituous liquors."

Our authors furnish the following (among other) circumstances, by which the victims of this species of combustion are to be distinguished.

"The extremities of the body, such as the feet and hands, have in general escaped.

"The fire has little injured, and sometimes not at all, those combustible things that were in contact with the body when it was burning.*

"The combustion of these bodies has left a residue of greasy and fetid ashes and fat, that were unctuous, and extremely offensive and penetrating."

Both culprits and witnesses frequently simulate various physical defects and incapacities. There is a great deal of most interesting matter as to the tricks of such persons, and the tests by which they may be exposed. As for example—

"Insanity has in all ages been feigned for the accomplishment of particular objects; we read of its having been thus simulated by David, Ulysses, and Lucius Brutus; the observations which we have already made upon the subject of imputed insanity, will suggest to the medical inquirer a plan of examination most likely to lead to a just conclusion. In general the detection of such an imposter will not be difficult; *the feigned maniac never willingly looks his examiner in the face, and if his eye can be fixed, the changes in his countenance, on being accused, will be strongly indicative of his real state of mind*; it is moreover very difficult to imitate the habits of a lunatic for any length of time, and to forego sleep; *an insane person generally sleeps but little, and talks much during the night, but the pretender, if he thinks he is not watched, will sleep, and only act his part when he believes his conduct to be observed*.

"*Somnolency.* This is a state of body which the sturdy imposter has in several instances assumed; he pretends to be in a state incapable of any muscular motion; he is constantly in bed, retaining that posture in which his limbs are placed, or may happen to fall; his great aim is to appear unconscious of the external world; the interesting case of this kind related by Dr. Hennan† must be considered as the master-piece of imposture. A person of the name of Drake, in the Royal African Corps, assumed an appearance of total insensibility, under which he resisted every kind of treatment; he resisted the shower bath as well as shocks of electricity; *but on a proposal being uttered in his presence to apply the actual cautery, his pulse rose*; and on preparations being made to remove him to Bethlem Hospital, an amendment soon manifested itself.

"*Deafness and Dumbness.*—Where the former of these maladies is alone simulated, the inspector will be able, with a little address, to detect the imposture; a sudden noise will frequently betray the patient, and an instance of this kind is related by Ambrose Paré; we may also contrive to communicate in his presence some circumstances in which he is greatly interested, and notice the effect of the intelligence upon his countenance, or upon his pulse.‡ Where dumbness is only feigned, we should remember that the powers of articulation never leave a person without some cause, which medical inquiry must discover. It has been a question

* See case of *Marie-anne Jauffret*, A. D. 1779, (*Fodoré*, vol. III. p. 206,) where also see other cases in illustration of this curious subject. *Fodoré* alludes to some cases where in consequence of combustion, possibly spontaneous, persons have been accused and condemned for murder. *Tom.* III. p. 204. See also *Maclaurin's Crim. Ca.* p. 177, n. and 754.

† *Op. citat.* p. 458.

‡ The reader will remember the use made of this by Charles II. in *Peveril of the Peak*.

whether the absence of the tongue should be considered a sufficient reason for muteness; although we cannot dispute the validity of such a proof, it is necessary to know that cases are recorded* where persons did very well without that organ; but we are inclined to believe with Dr. Smith, that the muscles belonging to the tongue were, in such cases, not deficient. But these observations apply to instances of imposture, where deafness or dumbness have been singly simulated; suppose a medical practitioner is called upon to examine a patient who declares himself to labour under the misfortune of congenital deafness, and consequent dumbness, what plan of investigation is he to pursue upon such an occasion? It must be admitted that where this simulation is well performed, it becomes extremely difficult to detect it; but it requires so much art and perseverance that few persons will be found capable of the deception: M. Sichard succeeded in the detection of a most accomplished imposter, by requiring him to answer a number of queries in writing; when the Abbé soon found that he spelt several words in compliance with their sound, instead of according to their established orthography; by substituting for instance the *c* for the *q*, which at once enabled the Abbé to declare that it was impossible that he should have been deaf and dumb from his birth, because he wrote as we *hear*, and not, as in the case of the real deaf and dumb, as we *see*.

"*Blindness*.—In cases of alleged amaurosis, the practitioner has generally relied upon the contractility of the pupil, as a test of vision; but Richter asserts that nothing positive can be drawn from the mobility or immobility of the iris, as sometimes the one and sometimes the other occurs; if, however, the pupil does not contract, we must think that the practitioner is authorized in concluding as to the existence of the disease. By unexpectedly reflecting the rays of the sun, by means of a mirror, upon the eye of the patient, we shall generally be able to discover any deception that may have been practised. Where short-sightedness is pleaded as a disqualification, the truth may be easily ascertained by inspection. The French adopted a very simple and ingenious mode of distinguishing the feigned myopes who endeavoured to escape the conscription laws; they placed spectacles of various powers upon the persons to be examined, and suddenly bringing before their eyes a printed paper, the subject of which was wholly unknown to them, the facility with which the person read pointed out with tolerable accuracy the state of his vision. A myope, for instance, and none but a myope, could read fluently a paper, brought close to his eyes, with concave glasses, and *vice versa*."

Ordinary readers will be altogether unprepared for the mass of facts which professional writers have accumulated upon the subject of the likeness subsisting between different individuals. In many cases the possession of an estate has been in a great measure determined by a likeness.—As for example, our own great Douglas' case, where Lord Mansfield decided in favour of the present Lord Douglas, very much in consequence of the extraordinary resemblance which he, and his brother Sholto, were proved to bear to Sir John Stewart and Lady Jane Douglas. "If Sir John Stewart," said he, "was actor in the *enlevement* of Mignon and Saury's children, he, the most artless of men, did in a few days what the acutest genius could not have accomplished in years: he found *two children*—the one the finished model of himself, the other the exact picture in miniature of Lady Jane." Nothing could be more convincing than that particular case of *two children*; and yet, if the reader turns to Fodoré, (vol. i.) he will find some most extra-

* Jessieu has given an account of a Portuguese girl, of fifteen years of age, who had been born without a tongue, and he refers to a similar case recorded eight years before by a surgeon of Saumur, where the subject was a boy, who had lost his tongue by gangrene, and yet to a certain degree, was able to perform the functions of it. A case of a similar nature, together with a reference to several other instances, stands recorded in the annals of our own country, and may be found in the Philosophical Transactions.

ordinary histories from the French *Causes Celebres*. We prefer, however, to quote from our present authors some cases which have occupied the attention of English Courts, and in which the uncertainty of human resemblance has been brought out in a most strange way indeed.—Mr. Frank Douglas, a well-known man of fashion in the last age, was very nearly hanged for a highway robbery. The notorious *Page* happened to be brought to Newgate—the man who had been robbed saw *him*, and the extraordinary resemblance explained what had put all London in a ferment of astonishment. We shall now quote.

“At the Old Bailey sessions, for September, 1822, before the Common Serjeant and Middlesex Jury, Joseph Redman was indicted for assaulting William Brown, on the King’s highway, and taking from his person a gold watch, &c. his property. Prosecutor stated, on cross-examination, that he knew a man of the name of Greenwood, so much like the prisoner, with his hat on, that he should hardly know the one from the other. Greenwood was in custody, and appeared at the bar, when the similarity between them struck every body with astonishment. The prisoner, Redman, proved an *alibi*, and the jury returned a verdict of *not guilty*. We have frequently in the preceding parts of our work alluded to the case of Richard Coleman, a brewer’s clerk, who was indicted at the assizes held at Kingston, in Surry, in March, 1749, for the rape and murder of Sarah Green, on the 25d of July preceding, when he was capitally convicted, and executed on Kennington Common, on the 12th of April, 1749. In this case, Coleman was positively sworn to by Sarah Green, just before her death, as being one of the assailants. Two years after the execution of this unfortunate man, it was discovered that James Welch, Thomas Jones, and John Nicholls, were the persons who had treated Sarah Green in the inhuman manner which had occasioned her death. John Nicholls was admitted King’s evidence, and Welch and Jones were accordingly convicted and executed. Another case in which the identity of a person was erroneously sworn to, was that of Mr. James, a tailor, who was robbed on the Dulwich road, by the notorious gang of highwaymen that infested the environs of London, and was headed by a person named Cooper, who, after a life of crime, suffered death for the murder of Saxby, near Dulwich. In this case, Mr. James swore positively to two soldiers in the Guards, who were accordingly tried for the offence, but fortunately acquitted. A short time after this event, the same gang robbed one Jackson, a farmer, in a lane near Corydon, for which robbery two farriers, named Skelton and Killet, were apprehended, and being tried at the ensuing assizes for Surry, the latter was acquitted, *but the former was convicted on the positive oath of the person robbed, and, although innocent, suffered death!!!*

“Martin Clinch, bookseller, and James Mackley, printer, were tried at the Old Bailey, in 1797, before Mr. Justice Grose, for the wilful murder of Syder Fryer, Esq. at the back of Islington workhouse, and were convicted and executed. On this occasion the identity of the prisoners was positively sworn to by Miss Ann Fryer, who was in company with her cousin, the deceased, at the time of the robbery and murder. Some years afterwards, Burton Wood, who was executed on Kennington Common, and Timms, who suffered a similar fate at Reading, severally confessed at the gallows the commission of the deed, for which Clinch and Mackley had innocently suffered. To the above interesting cases we may add that of Robert and Daniel Perreau (twin brothers,) who were tried in 1775, and executed for a forgery upon Mr. Adair. These persons so nearly resembled each other, that Mr. Watson, a money scrivener, who had drawn eight bonds, by order of one or other of the brothers, hesitated to fix on either, in consequence of their great personal resemblance; upon being pressed, however, to make a positive declaration, he at length fixed upon Daniel. The name of these unfortunate men is familiar to the public, from the well known exclamation of our late king, upon being asked to pardon Dr. Dodd, ‘If I save Dodd, I shall have murdered the Perreaus.’

“Upon the subject of personal identity, a curious question has presented itself for discussion, which requires some notice on this occasion—the degree of light which may be necessary to enable an observer to distinguish the features, so that the person may be hereafter identified? In a case which occurred in France, in 1809,

of a person shot in the night, it was stated that the flash of the pistol enabled the witness to identify the features of the assassin. The possibility of the statement was referred to the physical class of the Institute, who reported against it. Still, however, M. Fodoré, who relates the circumstances, is inclined to believe, that, if the persons be at a small distance, and the night be dark, such an event is by no means impossible. (*Med. Leg.* t. i. p. 28.) The following English case may be here introduced in illustration of the question. 'John Haines was indicted, Jan. 12, 1799, for maliciously and feloniously shooting at H. Edwards, T. Jones, and T. Dowson, Bow-street officers, on the highway. Edwards deposed, that, in consequence of several robberies having been committed near Hounslow, he, together with Jones and Dowson, were employed to scower that neighbourhood; and that they accordingly set off in a post-chaise on the evening of Saturday, Nov. 10, when they were attacked near Bedford by two persons on horseback, one of whom stationed himself at the head of the horses, while the other went to the side of the chaise. The night was dark, but *from the flash of the pistols* he could distinctly see that it was a dark-brown horse, between 13 and 14 hands high, of a very remarkable shape, having a square head, and very thick shoulders; and, altogether, such that he could pick him out of fifty horses; he had seen the horse since at Mr. Kendall's stables, in Long Acre. He also perceived, *by the same flash of light*, that the person at the side-glass had on a rough-shag, brown great coat.'

"Writers on forensic medicine have enumerated the various circumstances by which the countenance of an individual may be so changed, as to defeat every attempt to identify him. Fodoré mentions the following, *age; loss, or acquisition of fat; change in the colour of the eyes or hair; the effects of climate, diet, diseases, and passions of the mind.* These may also be metamorphosed by art. The influence of mental anxiety in changing the countenance is universally acknowledged—

'Danger, long travel, want, or wo,
Soon change the form that best we know;
For deadly fear can time outgo,
And blanch at once the hair;
Hard toil can roughen form and face,
And want can quench the eye's bright grace,
Nor does old age a wrinkle trace
More deeply than despair.'"—*Marmion, Canto I.*

As we are not following any regular scheme or plan in these selections, but merely glancing over the volumes and noting what strikes us as likely to gratify ordinary readers, we shall now pass on to a subject, which, however we may despise all the *nugæ canoræ* about trances, premature interments, and extraordinary resuscitations must always command the most lively interest—that of *Suspended Animation*. It is admirably treated by our Authors. We have room only for what follows:

"Amongst the different anecdotes which have been brought forward in support of the popular belief in the frequency of living interment, and in proof of the fallacy of those signs which are commonly received as the unerring indications of death, we read of numerous instances where the knife of the anatomist has proved the means of resuscitating the supposed corpse; Philippe Peu, the celebrated French accoucheur, relates, himself, the case of a woman, upon whose supposed corpse he proceeded to perform the cesarean section, when the first incision betrayed the awful fallacy under which he operated. The history of the unfortunate Vesalius, physician to Philip II. of Spain, furnishes another instance, upon which considerable stress has been laid; upon dissecting a Spanish gentleman, it is said that on opening the thorax the heart was found palpitating; for which he was brought before the inquisition, and would probably have suffered its most severe judgment, had not the king interceded in his behalf, and obtained for him the privilege of expiating his offence by a pilgrimage to the Holy Land.*

* In returning, the ship was cast away upon the island of Zante, where this unfortunate philosopher perished from hunger.

"M. Bruhier also relates a case, on the authority of M. l'Abbé Menon, of a young woman who was restored by the first incision of the anatomist's scalpel, and lived many years afterwards. With respect to the instance of Vesalius we would make this general observation, which will probably apply to most of the cases on record; that the movements which have been observed on such occasions are not to be received as demonstrations of life, they merely arise from a degree of muscular irritability which often lingers for many hours after dissolution, and which, on its apparent cessation, may be even re-excited by the application of galvanic stimuli.

"But there is a propensity in the human mind to believe in these horrors, because between credulity and fear there is an inherent affinity and alliance; and it may be very safely asserted, that there is nothing of which we have a greater instinctive horror,* than of any force by which our voluntary exertions are totally repressed; hence it is, as Cuvier has remarked, that the poetic fictions best calculated to insure our sympathy, are those which represent sentient beings enclosed within immovable bodies; the sighs of Clorinda issuing, with her blood, from the trunk of the cypress, as related in the fable of Tasso, would arrest the fury of the most savage mortal; and the sufferings which attended the confinement of Ariel, by the wild Sycorax, within the rift of a cloven pine, are described by Prospero as being of so pitiable a description as to move the sympathy of the very beasts of the forest.

—————'She did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years.'

—————'Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in: thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears; it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd.'

Tempest, Act I. Scene II.

"The author of the present chapter had once an opportunity of witnessing a most striking manifestation of the popular feeling to which he has just alluded; a sailor, who had died suddenly on board a vessel in Mount's Bay, was sent on shore for interment on the same evening: this indecent haste in consigning the yet warm corpse of a human being to the grave, excited a very strong and natural feeling in those to whom the fact was communicated; in a few hours the knowledge of the circumstance became general in the town of Penzance, and imagination, which, in cases that interest the feelings, is always ready to colour each feature with the hue most congenial to the fancy, soon represented the case as one of living interment, and by midnight the impression had produced so strong an effect upon the credulity of the town, that many hundred persons assembled at the house of the mayor, and insisted upon the disinterment of the body; the author, in his professional capacity, was called upon to accompany the magistrates in the investigation, which was accomplished by torch-light, amidst an immense concourse of people; the body was disinterred, when, it is almost needless to add, that not the slightest mark was observed that could in the least sanction the popular belief so readily adopted, and enthusiastically maintained.

"Within the last few years a singular and unphilosophical work† has appeared from the pen of a learned divine, which is well calculated to cherish the public credulity upon the subject under discussion, and to excite many groundless alarms, as well as unjust expectations, respecting the possibility of latent life; the reverend

* Horrible as it may appear, it was a custom in Persia, at the time that Herodotus wrote, of burying alive; and this historian was informed that Amestris, the wife of Xerxes, when she was far advanced in age, commanded fourteen Persian children of illustrious birth to be interred alive, in honour of the deity whom they supposed to exist under the earth.—*Polyhymnia*, c. xiv.

† "A Dissertation on the Disorder of Death, or that State of the Frame under the Signs of Death, called Suspended Animation." By the Rev. Walter White, Rector of Hardingham. Norwich, 1819. 8vo.

author, it must be confessed, has furnished a practical proof of his talents in his favourite art of resuscitation, by recalling into life the numerous idle tales, and superstitious histories, that we had hoped had long since been for ever consigned to the 'tombs of all the Capulets.'

"The histories of persons having been buried alive, or recovered after apparent death, are not, however, confined to the annals of modern times; we are informed by Diogenes Laertius that Empedocles acquired great fame for restoring a woman, supposed to be dead, from a paroxysm of hysteria; and Pliny, in his *Natural History*, devotes a chapter to the subject, under the title of '*De his qui elati revixerunt*;' in which an interesting case is related of Avicola, whose body was brought out and placed on the funeral pile, the flames of which are said to have resuscitated the unhappy victim, but too late to allow it to be rescued from its powers; but such cases merely go to show that the common observer may be deceived. We feel no hesitation in asserting that it is physiologically impossible for a human being to remain more than a few minutes in such a state of asphyxia, as not to betray some sign by which a medical observer can at once recognise the existence of vitality, for if the respiration be only suspended for a short interval, we may conclude that life has fled for ever; of all the acts of animal life this is by far the most essential and indispensable; *breath and life* are very properly considered in the scriptures as convertible terms, and the same synonym, as far as we know, prevails in every language. However slow and feeble respiration may become by disease, yet it must always be perceptible, provided the naked breast and belly be exposed; for when the intercostal muscles act, the ribs are elevated, and the sternum is pushed forward; when the diaphragm acts, the abdomen swells; now this can never escape the attentive eye, and by looking at the chest and belly we shall form a safer conclusion than by the popular methods which have been usually adopted, such as the placing a vessel of water on the thorax, in order to judge by the stillness or agitation of the fluid; or holding the surface of a mirror before the mouth, which, by condensing the aqueous vapour of the breath, is supposed to denote the existence of respiration, although too feeble to be recognised in any other way.

—————' Lend me a looking-glass;
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives.'—*Lear, Act V. Sc. III.*

"For the same purpose, light down, or any flocculent substance, from the extreme facility with which it is moved, has been supposed capable of furnishing a similar indication; but the result must not be received as an unequivocal proof, and accordingly Shakspeare, with that knowledge and judgment which so pre-eminently distinguished him, has represented Prince Henry as having been thus deluded, when he carried off the crown from the pillow of Henry the Fourth.

—————' By his gates of breath
There lies a downy feather, which stirs not.
Did he aspire, that light and weightless down
Perchance must move.'

"With respect to the above tests, it may be remarked, that an imperceptible current of air may agitate the light down, and thus simulate the effects of respiration, while an exhalation, totally unconnected with that function, may sully the surface of a mirror held before the mouth; on the other hand, we have learnt from experience that mirrors have been applied to persons in a state of mere syncope, without being in the least tarnished.

"Having thus considered the value of the tests of respiration, we shall proceed to appreciate those which have been considered as furnishing no less certain indications of death. The absence of the circulation, the impossibility of feeling the pulsations of the heart and arteries, have been regarded as infallible means of deciding whether the individual be dead; but it is proved beyond all doubt, that a person may live for several hours without its being possible to perceive the slightest movement in the parts just mentioned. It has been thought also, says Orfila, that an individual was dead when he was cold, and that he still lived if the warmth of the body was preserved; there is perhaps no sign of so little value; the drowned who may be recalled to life, are usually very cold; whilst in cases of apoplexy, and some other fatal diseases, a certain degree of warmth is preserved even for a long period after death. Stiffness of the body is another sign of death, upon which

great reliance has been placed; but as it sometimes happens that it exists during life, it becomes necessary to point out the difference between the stiffness of death, and that which occurs during life, in certain diseases. For the following observations upon this subject, we acknowledge ourselves indebted to the judicious treatise of Orfila.

"1. Stiffness may be very considerable in a person who has been frozen, who is not yet dead, and who may even be recalled to life. This stiffness cannot be confounded with that which is the inevitable result of death, because it is known that the body has been exposed to the action of severe cold, and above all, because it is very general; in fact, the skin, breasts, the belly, and all the organs may possess the same rigidity as the muscles, a circumstance not observable in *cadaverous* stiffness, in which the muscles alone present any degree of resistance; besides, when the skin of a frozen person is depressed, by pressing forcibly upon it with the finger, a hollow is produced which is a long time in disappearing. When the position of a frozen limb is changed, a little noise is heard, caused by the rupture of particles of ice contained in the displaced part.

"2. The stiffness to which the late M. Nysten has given the name of *convulsive*, and which sometimes manifests itself in violent nervous diseases, may be easily distinguished from *cadaverous* stiffness; when a limb is stiff in consequence of convulsions, &c., the greatest difficulty is experienced in changing its direction, and when left, it immediately resumes its former position; it is not the same in stiffness from death; the limb, the direction of which has been changed, does not return to its former position.

"3. The stiffness which occurs in certain forms of *syncope*, can never be confounded with *cadaverous* stiffness; for, in the former case, the stiffness takes place immediately after the commencement of the disease, and the trunk preserves a degree of warmth; whereas the *cadaverous* stiffness is not observed until some time after death, and when the heat of the body is no longer evident to the senses.

"If, from a cause which it is not always possible to foresee, the individual who has been thought dead for a long time, be cold and *flexible*, instead of offering a certain degree of stiffness, and at the same time if no evidence of putrefaction has as yet displayed itself, the body ought not to be buried hastily—'*Satis est adhiberi milites nimiam diligentiam, quam semel omitti necessarium.*'"

The ever popular subject of "Hanging" furnishes another highly meritorious chapter.

The authors are of opinion, decidedly so, that the immediate cause of death, in the case of a hanged man, is *suffocation*. There has been a great deal of dispute as to this matter among medical writers lately, and, if we may presume to offer an opinion, it is not yet settled. Dr. Paris admits, however, that there are often other injuries besides that of stopping the breath; as, for example, *Pressure on the Vessels*—which is thus discussed.

"1. *Pressure on the Vessels*.—The red and livid hue of the face of persons killed by hanging, very naturally induced a belief that *apoplexy** was the immediate cause of death; while it is evident that the pressure on the jugular veins must necessarily so prevent the return of blood to the heart, as to produce an accumulation in the vessels of the brain. Dr. Hooper has a preparation of the brain of an executed criminal, in which blood is seen extravasated among the membranes; and various other cases have occurred, where dissection has clearly demonstrated the existence of those vascular congestions and sanguineous effusions, upon which apoplexy is supposed to depend; but this merely goes to prove that apoplexy occasionally takes place from hanging; it does not establish the fact of its being the common cause of death on such occasions. Gregory made the following experiment to show that it is to the interception of air that death is to be attributed:

* This was the opinion of Boerhaave and Morgagni. M. Portal also coincides with them, and observes that the examination of the bodies of executed criminals formerly carried to him at the *Jardin des Plantes* for his lectures, has confirmed him in this idea.

After having opened the trachea of a dog, he passed a slip knot round the neck, above the wound; the animal, though hanged, continued to live and respire, the air was alternately admitted and easily expelled through the small opening; but as soon as the constriction was made below the orifice, the animal perished. Mr. Brodie hanged a dog, and as soon as it became insensible, the trachea was opened below the ligature, upon which he breathed, and his sensibility returned.

"2. *Pressure on the Nerves of the Neck.*—Although the pressure of a ligature on the nerves of the neck cannot be considered as the immediate cause of death in hanging, yet Mr. Brodie has very justly observed, that if the animal recovers of the direct consequence of the strangulation, he may probably suffer from the effects of the ligature upon the nerves afterwards. Mr. Brodie passed a ligature under the trachea of a Guinea-pig, and tied it tight on the back of the neck with a knot; the animal was uneasy, but nevertheless breathed and moved about; at the end of fifteen minutes the ligature was removed; on the following morning, however, the animal was found dead. On dissection no preternatural appearances were discovered in the brain, but the lungs were dark and turgid with blood, and presented an appearance similar to that which is observed after the division of the nerves of the eighth pair; I do not, observes Mr. Brodie (*Manuscript Notes*), positively conclude, from this experiment, that the animal died from an injury inflicted upon the nerves of the eighth pair, but I think that such a conclusion is highly probable; and it becomes an object of inquiry whether a patient having recovered from hanging, may not, in some instances, die afterwards from the injury of the *par vagum*.

"3. *Fracture of the Spine and Dislocation of the Neck.*—The death of a hanged person may occasionally take place by the luxation of the cervical vertebrae, and the consequent injury of the spinal marrow; this effect will be more likely to happen in heavy persons, and where the culprit suffers on a drop that precipitates him from a considerable height. It is said that Louis discovered that of the two executioners in Paris and Lyons, one despatched the criminal condemned to be hanged by luxating the head on the neck, whilst those who perished by the hands of the other were completely strangled.

"An animal, when first suspended, is observed to make repeated but ineffectual attempts to inspire; violent convulsions of the whole body then ensue, but which are not to be considered as the indications of suffering, for they arise in consequence of the dark-coloured blood having reached the brain and spinal marrow; and the animal at this period is necessarily insensible; hanging does not occasion a painful death.

"The lips, nose, and all those parts in which the hue of the blood can be observed, exhibit a dark colour; the countenance is distorted, the eyes protruded, and frequently suffused with blood, the tongue is also forced out of the mouth, and sometimes wounded, although it has been observed that this phenomenon will entirely depend upon the position of the rope, for that when it presses above the thyroid gland, the tongue will be pushed back, in consequence of a compression upon the *as hyoides*, whereas, if the pressure be applied under the *cricoid* cartilage it will have the effect of thrusting out the tongue. Blood is sometimes discharged from the ears. The fingers are usually bent, the nails blue, and the hands nearly closed; and the whole physiognomy exhibits a highly characteristic appearance.

'But see, his face is black and full of blood,
His eye-balls farther out than when he lived,
Staring full ghastly, like a strangled man,
His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling,
His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd
And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdu'd.'

Henry VI. Part ii. Act iii. s. 2.

The master of our authors, M. Fodoré, is a great deal fuller as to this subject. It would appear that it has been a very common thing in France, for criminals to recover after being hanged; and he has been enabled, from their reports, to prove distinctly, that of all deaths there cannot be a more easy one than that of the gibbet. We make no apology for turning to Fodoré's work and trans-

lating a few paragraphs, which we wonder the English authors before us did not embody in their own work.

"CASALPIN," says M. Fodoré, "affirms, that he had been informed by several men who recovered their life after execution, that the moment the knot was fastened they fell into such a stupor, that they were sensible to nothing whatever of what followed. Wepfer, talking of a man and a woman who had also survived the gibbet, says, that the woman remembered nothing at all, and was in all respects like one that had suffered and revived from a stroke of apoplexy; and that the man, who *could* tell something of what happened, only said, that he felt not the least pain after the noose was drawn, but remained entirely deprived of sensation, just as if he had been cast into a deep sleep." Morgagni also speaks of a man who had not been thoroughly hanged; and who told him, that "for a moment he saw some blue lights dancing before his eyes, and then instantly lost all feeling and sense, the same as if he had been buried in the profoundest slumbers." Lord Bacon tells an anecdote about this matter, not less interesting than singular. He knew, personally, "a gentleman, who took a strong fancy for ascertaining whether hanged men did or did not suffer a great deal, and who made the experiment on himself. Having put the cord round his neck, he leaped from off a low stool, which he had thought he could easily recover again at pleasure; but the instant deprivation of all sense rendered this impossible. It would have ended tragically, but that a friend came accidentally into his room and cut him down ere it was too late. This strange curiosity satisfied him, however, that that species of death involves no pain whatever."—M. Fodoré goes on to tell a story of his own, in every part similar to this of Lord Bacon's. A fellow-student of his hung himself up one day after dinner, that he might satisfy his medical curiosity as to the fate of the *pauvres pendus*. Luckily, he too was cut down, and he told precisely the same thing with the English gentleman.—"*He had seen a glimpse of something dazzling, and been conscious of absolutely nothing more.*"

As to the most likely means of recovering in such cases, our English authors agree with Fodoré, that every thing hot and stimulating ought to be tried; the body warmed, and air introduced into the lungs. As for bleeding, that, in general cases of asphyxia, is useless; but is absolutely necessary in hanging where blood has been forced into the brain. The jugular ought to be cut—and Fodoré tells a sad story of a half-hanged monk, who opened his eyes, and even spoke some words in a rough hoarse voice, and who would, in all probability, have done well after hanging, but for the timidity of some of his reverend friends, that would not suffer him to be bled in the bold style the case required.

Then comes the great question which once so deeply interested our late worthy friend Deacon Brodie.

"There can be no doubt but that by making an opening in the trachea, below the ligature, death might, in some cases, be prevented, provided the neck were

not dislocated, nor the weight of the body very considerable. Richerand says, that a surgeon of the imperial armies, whose veracity cannot be questioned, assured him that he had saved the life of a soldier by performing the operation of laryngotomy some hours before he was executed.

"Dr. Male" states, that it was tried on one Gordon, a butcher, who was executed at the Old Baily in the early part of the last century; the body having hung the usual time, was removed to a neighbouring house, where a surgeon waited to receive it, and enforce every means calculated to restore animation; he opened his eyes, and sighed, but soon expired; the want of success was attributed to his great weight; but we apprehend that, if the statement be correct as to his opening his eyes and sighing, the failure must have depended upon want of skill in the operators. We have yet to notice those cases of spontaneous recovery which have taken place after execution, and which are too well authenticated to admit of doubt; upon this point we would observe that such results by no means militate against the accuracy of the physiological views which have been already presented to our readers. Whenever such a recovery occurs, the strangulation has never been complete, and feeble motions of the heart have been preserved by imperfect and occasional respirations, during the interval of suspension; this may depend, in a great measure, upon the situation of the noose; if placed at the side of the neck, it would be pulled tight by the weight of the body; but if at the back of the neck, it would be far otherwise. John Smith, who was executed at Tyburn on the 24th of December 1705, was cut down in consequence of the arrival of a reprieve, nearly fifteen minutes after he had been turned off, but is said to have been recovered by venesection and other means. Governor Wall was a long time in the act of dying, and it was subsequently discovered that this was owing to an ossified portion of the trachea resisting the pressure of the rope. But the most extraordinary instance of this kind, and one well authenticated, is that of Margaret Dickson, of Musselburgh, who was tried and convicted in Edinburgh in the year 1728, for the murder of her child; her conviction was accomplished by the evidence of a medical person, who deposed that *the lungs of the child swam in water*; there were, however, strong reasons to suspect the justness of the verdict, and the sequel of the story was well calculated to cherish a superstitious belief on the occasion. After execution, her body was cut down, and delivered to her friends for the rites of interment; it was accordingly placed in a coffin, and sent in a cart to be buried at her native place, but the weather being sultry, the persons who had the body in charge stopped to drink, at a village called Peppermill, about two miles from Edinburgh; while they were refreshing themselves, one of them perceived the lid of the coffin move, and uncovering it, the woman immediately sat up, and most of the spectators ran away with every sign of trepidation; a person, however, who was in the public house immediately bled her, and in about an hour she was put to bed, and by the following morning was so far recovered as to be able to walk to her own house,* after which she lived twenty-five years and had several children."†

We should apologize for introducing a story so familiar to ourselves as this of the famous "half-hangit Maggie Dickson;" but we fear the rising generation are but moderately skilled in that and many other matters that interested their fathers; therefore, let Maggie Dickson pass, *cum ceteris*.

Of all the mass of subjects treated in these volumes, the most in-

* Elements of Juridical or Forensic Medicine.

† See Maclaurin's *Crim. Ca.* p. 71. where this circumstance is alluded to.

‡ By the Scottish law, in part founded on that of the Romans, a person against whom the judgment of the Court has been executed, can suffer no more in future, but is thenceforward totally exculpated; and it is likewise held, that the marriage is dissolved by the execution of the convicted party. Margaret Dickson then, having been convicted and executed, as above mentioned, the king's advocate could prosecute her no farther, but he filed a bill in the High Court of Justiciary against the Sheriff, for omitting to fulfil the law. The husband of this revived convict, however, married her publicly a few days after her resuscitation; and she strenuously denied the crime for which she had suffered.

teresting, however, is that of the means for discovering whether such a person found dead has been murdered by another's hand, and by whom. We earnestly recommend this branch of the work to the deep consideration of all magistrates. Sir Alexander Gordon discovered a murderer in Kirkcudbright by the very same artificial devices, the application of which has since been made familiar to all the world, by the author of *Guy Mannering*. We now proceed to quote a few detached fragments from this part of our author's book.

"A very satisfactory instance of the same kind occurred to the author of the present work, during his residence in the county of Cornwall; and he feels no inconsiderable satisfaction in reflecting upon the train of circumstances, through which he was enabled, by his evidence at the assizes of the county for 1814, to secure the conviction of the murderer. The evidence was wholly circumstantial, and the relation of it is well calculated to illustrate the great importance of the particular line of investigation, which it is the object of the present chapter to elucidate. For these reasons he is induced to compile from his notes the following brief sketch of the case. A Cornish peasant, engaged in attending upon the light-house on the western coast, was found dead in a field near the public road leading from Penzance to the "Land's End," on Sunday, December the 12th, 1813; he was lying in a dry ditch, with his stick at a little distance from him; one of his shoes was down at the heel, and both were smeared with mud; his pockets were empty. The body was taken to a public house in the village, and the Coroner having received notice of the occurrence, an inquisition was taken, and the verdict of wilful murder returned against some person or persons unknown. The body was afterwards buried, but a rumour having arisen that the anatomical inspection had not been sufficiently minute and satisfactory, it was, by an order of the magistrates, disinterred; and the author was desired to assist in the further investigation of the subject. Upon examining the body, which had not yet advanced so far in putrefaction as to obliterate the traces of violence, or to confuse the appearances they presented, patches, arising from extravasated blood, were seen in different parts of the throat, and distinct abrasions corresponding with the nails were visible; the face presented the physiognomy of a strangled man. On the chest, bruises, evidently occasioned by the pressure of the assailant's knees, were also noticed. Upon dissection, the brain was found excessively turgid with blood. The rest of the organs appeared in a perfectly healthy, and natural condition. It is worthy of remark, that the field in which the deceased was found, contained several shafts of abandoned mines; upon visiting the spot the author observed tracks in the grass, as if it had been scraped, proceeding in a direction from the hedge next the public road to that in the opposite part of the field, and under which the body was found; near the former hedge also some fragments of a glass bottle were discovered. The deceased, it appeared, had been at Penzance for some medicine, and it was proved that he had left that town, on his way to the light-house, with a phial in his pocket. All these circumstances combined, placed the matter beyond conjecture. He had evidently been strangled, probably at the spot where the glass fragments were found, which were undoubtedly the remains of his phial, broken during the scuffle; besides, it would appear that he had been dragged along the field from this spot to the opposite hedge, for marks denoting such an act were visible on the grass, and this received farther confirmation from the condition in which the shoes of the deceased were found. Who then committed the murder? From the circumstance of its having been perpetrated in a field containing several old mines, without any attempt on the part of the villain to avail himself of the advantage which these caverns would have afforded for the concealment of the dead body, the author was convinced that the perpetrator of the deed would be found in some stranger to the country, for such a one alone could be unacquainted with the mines to which we allude. The suggestion of this idea very naturally gave a direction to the line of inquiry. Were any suspicious strangers in Penzance or its neighbourhood? Had the deceased been seen in the society of any person unacquainted with the country? He had been seen, it was discovered, playing at cards in a public-house with some of the

privates of the artillery stationed in the Mount's Bay, amongst whom was a very powerful and athletic Irishman, of the name of Burns, who had lately landed, and immediately enlisted into the corps. Burns was accordingly arrested on suspicion, when the purse of the deceased containing thirty shillings was found on his person. He was, moreover, unable to show where he was at the time the deceased left Penzance, in the evening; and he was subsequently recognised by two witnesses who had seen him accompanying the deceased on the road towards Land's End. It is only necessary to add that he was convicted and hanged; and it is not the least satisfactory part of this case to state, that on the evening previous to his execution he confessed to the author, that all the circumstances of the case occurred precisely as we have stated, that he strangled his victim with a pocket-handkerchief, but that from the difficulty of completing the act, he was compelled to press his knees upon his chest."

Another of the same kind occurs a few pages lower down.

"In Hargrave's *State Trials** there is a very remarkable instance of a woman who was found in bed with her throat cut, and a knife sticking in the floor near her; three of her relations were in an adjoining room, through which it was necessary to pass to the apartment of the deceased; the neighbours were alarmed, and the body was viewed; these relations declared she must have destroyed herself; but, from a particular circumstance, they were suspected, and found guilty of the murder; for, on the *left* hand was observed the bloody mark of a *left* hand, which, of course, could not be that of the deceased. How often has the left hand of the murderer betrayed his deeds of blood!"

The following is also in the same chapter.

"In the year 1764, a citizen of Liege was found shot, and his own pistol was discovered lying near him; from this circumstance, together with that of no person having been seen to enter or leave the house of the deceased, it was concluded that he had destroyed himself; but on examining the ball, by which he had been killed, it was found to have been too large ever to have entered that pistol; in consequence of which, suspicion fell upon the real murderers. The wadding of the pistol has also, in several instances offered the means of affixing the accusation on the guilty. The Lord Chancellor, in a debate in the House of Lords, in November 1820, quoted a very curious case, in which the wadding of the pistol was found to correspond with a torn letter in the possession of the murderer."

We believe we have now exhausted our limits. We conclude with once more calling upon all magistrates and jurymen, to put themselves in possession of a work, a close acquaintance with which is absolutely necessary for the former, and would be most desirable in the latter. Will the authors pardon us for suggesting, that with a view to the country circulation in general, and the Scotch readers in particular, their book would be much improved by the omission of all these long charters, &c. of the London medical bodies. Much better fill up the same space in the next edition with some more of M. Fodoré's *facts*. But indeed, we think, even after this book a translation of Fodoré himself would be very acceptable: and should imagine some young man of intelligence might amuse himself advantageously with such a job during the summer months.

* Vol. x. Appendix, p. 29.

† In the case of Patch, who was left-handed, it was clearly shown by the relative position of the deceased, and the door from which he was shot, that the murderer must have exposed his person to the view of the deceased, unless he fired with the left hand. The guilt of Patch was for some time doubted, but the discovery of the pistol in a neighbouring dock a few years ago, has supplied the only link which was wanting to make the evidence against him complete.

ARTIFICIAL FORMATION OF HALOES.

The following experiment, which illustrates in a pleasing manner the actual formation of haloes, has been given by Dr. Brewster. Take a saturated solution of alum, and having spread a few drops of it over a plate of glass, it will rapidly crystallize in small flat octoëdrons scarcely visible to the eye. When the plate is held between the observer and the sun or a candle, with the eye very close to the smooth side of the glass plate, there will be seen three beautiful haloes of light at different distances from the luminous body. The innermost halo, which is the whitest, is formed by the images refracted by a pair of faces of the octoëdral crystals, not much inclined to each other; the second halo, which is more coloured, with the blue rays outwards, is formed by a pair of faces more inclined; and the third halo, which is very large and highly-coloured, is formed by a still more inclined pair of faces. Each separate crystal forms three images of the luminous body placed at points 120° distant from each other in all the three haloes; and, as the numerous small crystals have their refracting faces turned in every possible direction, the whole circumference of the haloes will be completely filled up.

The same effects may be obtained with other crystals, and when they have the property of double refraction, each halo will be either doubled when the double refraction is considerable, or rendered broader or otherwise modified in point of colour, when the double refraction is small. The effects may be curiously varied by crystallizing upon the same plate of glass crystals of a decided colour, by which means we should have white and coloured haloes succeeding each other.—*Edin. Phil. Jour.* viii. 394.

ON THE ELECTRICITY PRODUCED BY PRESSURE.

A very important paper, on the development of electricity by pressure, and the laws of that development, by M. Becquerel, is to be found in the *Annales de Chimie*, xxii. 5. We cannot do more at present than translate the summary given at the conclusion of the paper.

It is seen, then, that all bodies assume two different electric states by pressure: that, in two bodies being perfect conductors, this state of equilibrium ceases, at the moment the pressure is removed, but if one be a bad conductor, the effect of the pressure continues for a longer or shorter time: that the pressure alone maintains the equilibrium of the two fluids, placed on each of the surfaces; for if the pressure be diminished, and, at the end of a certain time, the bodies be removed from the compression, they will be found to have the electricity, due only to the last or remaining pressure: that heat modifies the development of electricity in a particular manner: that the intensity of the electricity

increases, at first, directly as the pressure; and that it is probable this proportion diminishes at high pressures, as the bodies lose their power of being compressed: finally, it is rendered probable, that the light which is disengaged in powerful concussions, is due to the rapid recombination of the two electric fluids developed on the surfaces at the moment of compression.—*Journal of Science.*

GAS LIGHTING.

The length of streets already lighted in London with gas is 215 miles! and the three principal companies light 39,504 public lamps, and consume annually about 33,158 chaldrons of coals.

Lines on a Soldier found lying dead on the Field of Battle.

Wreck of a warrior pass'd away!
Thou form without a name!
Which thought and felt but yesterday,
And dreamt of future fame!
Stripp'd of thy garments, who shall

gues
Thy rank, thy lineage, and race?
If haughty chieftain holding sway,
Or lowlier destin'd to obey!

The light of that fix'd eye is set,
And all is moveless now,
But Passion's traces linger yet,
And lower upon that brow;
Expression has not yet wax'd weak,
The lips seem e'en in act to speak,
And clench'd the cold and lifeless hand,
As if it grasp'd the battle brand!

Tho' from that head, late towering high,
The waving plume is torn,
And low in dust that form doth lie,
Dishonour'd and forlorn!
Yet Death's dark shadow cannot hide
The graven characters of pride,
That on the lip and brow reveal
The impress of the spirit's seal.

Lives there a mother to deplore
The son she ne'er shall see?
Or maiden, on some distant shore,
To break her heart for thee?—
Perchance to roam a maniac there,
With wild-flower wreaths to deck her
hair,
And through the weary night to wait
Thy footsteps at the lonely gate.

Long shall she linger there, in vain
The evening fire shall trim,
And gazing on the darkening main
Shall often call on him
Who hears her not—who cannot hear—
Oh! deaf for ever is the ear
That once in listening rapture hung
Upon the music of her tongue!

Long may she dream—to wake is wo!—
Ne'er may remembrance tell
Its tale to bid her sorrows flow,
And hope to sigh farewell,—
The heart, bereaving of its stay,
Quenching the beam that cheers her way
Along the waste of life—till she
Shall lay her down and sleep like thee!

[*Edinb. Mag.*

TO

When'er we part from those we love,
And, faint with sorrow, languish,
How may the troubled heart remove
The pressure of such anguish?

Reflection can no comfort bring,
For past delight is sorrow;
And Hope will close her weary wing
Long ere the promised morrow.

But joy, you tell me, still is left—
The moment of returning
Will heal the heart at parting cleft,
And recompense its mourning.

Ah, ne'er did joy and grief with me
Keep such convenient measure:
If I must lose the sight of thee
I pay too dear for pleasure.

FROM THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

ACTORS AND THEATRICALS.

IN England alone actors have occupied somewhat of that consideration in society to which they are entitled. Not that we are by any means a theatrical people, but the dictates of good sober sense have shown us that there is no reason why the professor of a liberal and ingenious art should be undervalued upon the stale plea of custom. It is here a received rule, to a given extent, that "worth makes the man," or, to be more explicit, that the honourable character and conduct of an individual is more looked to than his profession, provided, indeed, he be not poor, for that is an "unconquerable bar" to social notice. There is feeling and good sense in this discrimination, as far as it goes; it is worthy the better portion of the better class of English society. I say "better portion," because Lord Chesterfield observes that "people of the first quality can be as silly, ill-bred, and worthless, as people of meaner degree;" and there are some of the higher orders of English society, high only in pride and fortune, that have about as correct a notion of the claims of intellect upon them, as an Esquimaux would have of the nature of Newton's Fluxions, were he questioned respecting them. But though actors are held in far more estimation here than in foreign countries, still many have a ridiculous prejudice against the profession, which they should overcome.

This sort of prejudice, though very unreasonable, is of old standing. The ancients, it is well known, held the profession of an actor in disesteem; but there are certain contradictions respecting them which it would be difficult to clear up. Lucian says, that a great knowledge of music, poetry, rhetoric, and philosophy, were necessary, to succeed on the stage in his time. Now, this being the case, it is singular that the respect universally paid to persons versed in these arts should not have operated in favour of those so accomplished in them. We know very little of the ancient stage, but what we do know leads us to believe that tragedy was exhibited on it more in the way of declamation than as an imitation of nature. A large portion of the ancient stage entertainments consisted of mimicry and antics, the professors of which had, perhaps, no great claim to respect, and the comedy of the ancients was of a low kind. They used masques in their stage performances, which must have effectually concealed the different changes of countenance produced by every attempt at expression; and this gives us additional reason to believe that certain regulated gestures and a well-toned voice, with a recitation, rather than acting as we now understand it, were all the ancients valued in a performer. The accounts which have come down to us, however, tend to show that some actors of good morals and attainments were held in esteem by the highest ranks in Rome, as in the example of Roscius, of whom Cicero speaks so highly. It is therefore probable, that the majori-

ty of performers were low, dissolute mimics, and that the censure cast upon the whole corps had its exceptions among the higher classes of tragedians. Modern acting differs from the ancient, in its requiring greater originality, and a certain natural genius, to succeed. The power of representation of the different emotions of the mind, for which we value an actor, was no part of the qualification they deemed necessary for the stage. Their tragedy, with the chorus, could we hear it performed now, would not, it is likely, though we were perfect masters of the language, arouse our feelings more than the simple reading. It was strictly national, and the taste for it must have been acquired by education. It appears to me that our stage performances are of a much higher order, and the performers also, because they are more universally interesting, and the scene is kept nearer to nature. Poetry should speak a universal language, and the stage should speak it too. Let us suppose the insanity of Orestes exhibited by a performer in a mask, who recites the character with a well-regulated tone and emphasis: it is obvious that he would add but little comparative effect to the poetry of the author. Suppose the same piece performed by Garrick or Kean, their acting would be felt and understood, wherever the language was comprehended, because nature shows the same emotions every where under similar causes of excitement. There is a poetical feeling necessary for a modern actor. He must be imaginative, and have an acquaintance with the deep secrets of the mind, which cannot be taught him by art. The actor of the ancients was, perhaps, more the being of study and artifice. Such we may conjecture, for we can conjecture only, is the difference between the two; and if so, the advantage is certainly on the side of the moderns.

In Catholic countries, actors have always been treated with great contumely. The priests and monks formerly promoted the performance of mysteries and other superstitious representations, because it supported the influence of their doctrines, and tended to rivet more firmly the bonds of mental slavery; but they refused acts of common charity, and even burial rites, to the unhappy performers in return. Such is priestcraft: they who reprobated stage-players on the score of a vicious profession, preached the holiness and infallibility of Popes who committed incest and sealed their crimes with blasphemy.* The latest instance of bigot zeal exerted against the inanimate body of a performer in France, was after the return of the Bourbons in Jan. 1815, when the funeral of Madame Raucourt, on arriving at the burying-ground of Père La Chaise, at Paris, was refused the rite of burial by the minister, who wished to restore, with the temporal, the spiritual customs of old times. The indignant populace, highly to its honour, compelled the priest to do his duty by force; and such was the popular effervescence,

* For example, Pope Alexander VI. who lived in a state of incest with his sister, and had her painted as a Madonna!

that the experiment of a second refusal will hardly be ventured on again in that city.

We may congratulate ourselves on the increase of our stock of "harmless amusement," and the superior excellence of our actors, from the liberal view we now take of the profession. Since Garrick appeared, a theatrical race, fostered by the public, of honourable lives and highly talented, have unfolded to us, better than a thousand commentators could do it, the noble conceptions of our dramatic writers. Theatrical talent has increased with the consideration it has received in society. We are now in a third era of histrionic excellence within fourscore years: the first beginning with Garrick, the second with Kemble, Cooke, and Mrs. Siddons, and the third with Kean, Young, and others. In no era of our stage history has the aggregate of talent on the boards surpassed the present. Of this, Drury-lane is a sufficient proof. An actress like Mrs. Siddons is, perhaps, wanting, and may never be supplied; but from Kean and Young to the most inferior characters, there is, at Drury-lane, power and *matériel* such as none of our theatres have before exhibited at the same moment. The tragedies of Shakspeare, that we have been told would not half fill a house during the rage for the "gorgons, hydras, and chimeras dire," of melodrama, have been played to overflowing benches. Othello and Iago have not cloyed the public taste, which, it now clearly appears, is not so vicious as some blundering managers have been interested in representing it, to cover their own deficiencies.

I confess I love the theatre, for I have received impressions there which no words from human lips have ever produced any where else. I have leaned on the benches, in forgetfulness of all around me but the scene, and, wrapped in a world of ideality, stored up sensations that will, by and by, feed the thoughts of declining years. The tones of the actor's voice blended themselves with the words of the poet so forcibly, that his name has become associated with them, and I can scarcely remember the one without recalling the other. Kemble's unequalled delivery of certain passages when playing Penruddock, his pathos and heart-thrilling tones, softened into mellowness by intervening time, still come over my mind like a romantic music. It may be, therefore, that I am somewhat prejudiced in favour of the profession, but it is clear to me that I have no attachment for it which is not grounded in reason and reflection; and it demands very much more than what is understood in the term "worldly custom," to convince me I am erroneous in my view of the subject. In all professions there are worthy and unworthy members; but the tragedian, who ranks high in public favour, must be a gifted man, and is therefore entitled to respect. If of unimpeachable character, hard indeed is his lot if he be not equal to a shopkeeper or an attorney in estimation—he who must unite judgment with personal and intellectual qualifications—he who must be a student of the works of genius and the expounder of them to the world, whose pursuit calls into exercise the most vigo-

rous faculties of the mind, and is neither mean and pettifogging on the one hand, nor a tame retailing of ledger-accounts and sordid bargaining on the other. The preference bestowed on riches, the meanest but most influential of possessions, must not be suffered to contravene the truth. The actor who instructs and amuses the public, and who stands well in public opinion, is a being far higher in the intellectual scale than the stockjobber with his plum, or the city gripeall who has amassed his million for the future dissipation of his heirs. There is, too, a reason why actors should be duly estimated in society, arising from a claim on our sympathies. They who delight us through life, leave no marks behind of all their toils to please, of their peculiar excellences and the attractions that commanded the applauses of thousands. The poet, the author, the sculptor, dies and leaves unperishable records of his labours; the soldier's achievement is preserved in history;—but the actor consigns no legacy to posterity. His glory is as evanescent as the clap of the multitude, and perishes with himself; he is, therefore, on the score of generosity, entitled to the more consideration when living, in proportion as his lot in this respect is unfelicitous. In regard to moral worth, I believe we have seen as much of it among the professors of the stage as among an equal number in other walks of life; and there has been this advantage on the side of the most peccable, that their vices have seldom been varnished by hypocrisy. They were for ever in the public gaze, and the smallest speck was magnified in proportion; but it was never their custom to disguise, under the specious veil of canting, any errors into which they had unhappily fallen; and this is of itself almost a redeeming virtue. On the other side, let the conduct of many actors of both sexes that have been public favourites, be scrutinized even by malevolence, and what will be found registered against them? They have in moral worth been equal to other individuals in society that are respected, and their claims on this score have been tacitly allowed, particularly among actresses. Away, then, with what remains of this unworthy prejudice!

Perhaps some grounds for dislike to the profession may have appeared in the tendency of certain pieces brought on the boards, and the passages offensive to good morals which they contain. This is not the fault of the actor, but of the author, censor, and manager. As a whole, the character of our actors is infinitely beyond the morality of our theatre. We owe much to the stage, but it must be allowed that its secondary class of writers have not made it so instructive or moral as they might have done. Some of the lighter pieces which live but for a moment, are the production of authors who write for the galleries, and have nothing in point of reputation to lose. It is not the piece which holds up to admiration certain points of character in a thief or a murderer that will produce an evil effect on society. Public opinion has stamped both the one and the other of these characters with infamy. In spite of what has been said respecting Macheath, for example, it is highly im-

probable that any one ever became a robber from seeing the character performed. It is holding up to the admiration of the vulgar, unmingled with reprobation, lesser scoundrels whose vices are not held in equal detestation, being offences against good manners rather than breaches of laws universally recognised, that is to be condemned. "Tom and Jerry" is a piece of this class. Had its coarse exhibition of low-lived vices been kept to a picture of vice duly satirized and turned into ridicule, it might have done good. But it is easy to see that where blackguardism and folly are exhibited without due reprobation, the ignorant and vulgar of every rank in life will admire the hero of the tale, when his habits and opinions are in unison with their own, and he is made an object of admiration rather than contempt. Our guardians of the night and police magistrates can bear testimony to this truth. Next to the author, the censor intervenes, who ought, if such an interference should be tolerated at all, to have an eye on the indecencies and immoral tendencies of the works of obscure stage-writers. His notions of morality, however, are generally merged in his politics. He is, in fact, only a political automaton, and it is difficult to say whether he could do any thing else without much increasing the mischief of his office; for who could set bounds to puritanical curtailments and alterations which would be as likely to exceed reasonable limits as to keep within them? Yet while such an office exists, a little more attention to this subject might not be misplaced. Still he is so much the creature of accident, as to office, that he may or may not have grasp of mind enough, little as it requires, to comprehend the true drift of a dramatic piece; he may see it free from sentences of constructive sedition, and think his duty executed. I am astonished how such a play as "The Hypocrite" is tolerated in the present day. In a dramatic view it is unnatural and absurd; morality it has none. It is forced in every way, and it would be worthy the good sense of the managers of the great theatres to consign it to well-merited oblivion, instead of suffering its disgusting indecencies to flush the cheek of the better part of their audiences. Its late reappearance was in very bad taste on Mr. Elliston's part. This play was written to satirize Whitfield, who, with his contemporary and friend Wesley, were virtuous, well-meaning, but enthusiastic men, of blameless conduct and irreproachable lives. However erroneous they might be deemed on points where all can be but matter of opinion, they did infinite good in reforming the morals and softening the brutality of the lower classes, from the colliers of Walsall to the miners of the West. Their labours were, as Lord Chatham would say, more those of a college of fishermen than of a conclave of bishops or cardinals. Notwithstanding their aberration from the statute faith, they were just and conscientious men. Are such men fit objects of disgusting satire in the present enlightened times? Ought not the good sound sense of an English audience (the best censor in a free country) to put down that which no excellence of acting can sanction?

We should wish to see all theatrical reform effected by public taste, rather than by any other mode. How often, after being delighted with the exhibition of a noble tragedy, that has elevated the mind to lofty feeling, and roused to mental activity every latent virtue—how often are we disgusted by an afterpiece calculated to eradicate the good effect the tragedy has produced, indebted to *double entendre* for wit, and to the slang of St. Giles's for phraseology. Now that Drury-lane Theatre is all that can be wished as to elegance of building, accommodation of the audience, and excellence of its company—now that it stands once more the first of our histrionic exhibitions—now that the public fill the house to suffocation on the acting of legitimate tragedy by Kean and Young—it becomes the manager to fix on a firm basis a national standard of taste in his department for our other theatres to imitate. We could wish to see there the selection of tragedy and comedy made from among the best-written and most pure in the language, and a stern rejection of all mawkish trash, under whatever name introduced. The afterpieces should include none but such as have sterling merit in writing, real wit, and a perfect freedom from those indelicacies and jurations resorted to by steril writers to fill an hiatus or wind up the climax of a stupid sentence. We could wish to see some of our sound old tragedies, and our old genteel comedy, preserved from desuetude. A singleness of object, on the part of a manager possessing freedom of thought, and a bold reliance on common sense rather than on recorded opinion, might effect much good, and complete a theatre that we might justly be proud to array in *all things* against any in a foreign country—a *Théâtre Anglais*, where a pure national literature, excellence of acting, and a due regard to decorum, may save us the trouble of apologizing to strangers for faults which *they* do not tolerate, and give them a clear idea of a drama adhering to the variety of existing things, and carrying to the summit of perfection the effect of the romantic or Shaksperian school, which must finally, in every country, take the uppermost place as the mirror of nature. Let Mr. Elliston think originally in this respect, and complete the good work he has entered upon; for he has given us a novel and high treat by uniting the excellencies of our two most distinguished actors in one piece—let him purify the stage of every thing objectionable on the score of taste, and leave behind him a name as the perfecter of our theatrical exhibitions, in propriety,* costume, style, judgment, and morals. There is one difficulty, however, for him to overcome, which, it must be confessed, is embarrassing, namely, the subjugation of the gallery audience to a well regulated conduct. The pit was formerly the place of the critic, affording, from its situation, the greatest facility of hearing and judging. The applause or censure of the pit decided every

* Why will Mr. Kean persist in playing Othello as a sooty woolly-headed negro?—it is no reason for one of his genius that tragedians have erred before him.

thing; it was the mean between the aristocracy of the boxes, and the radicalism of the galleries. At present the pit is generally filled with a respectable but uncritical audience. The amateurs of the performance are scattered through the boxes, in solitary observation. The tempered and judicious censure or applause once displayed by the pit is exchanged for the ignorant howlings and noisy interruptions of the galleries. Inferior actors, particularly in the more vulgar parts, play to the galleries, that now possess such a petty sovereignty over the whole house as it would be a slur on the audience to tolerate, were they not without a remedy to help themselves. Many reasonable alterations, for which a manager would be greeted with applause, would be overruled by the rabble. Farce-writers and melodram-compounders interlard their abortive productions with the vilest diction, to catch the never-failing applause of the "gods," as they are styled. Thus the gallery is, at present, nearly the dictator of the house,—a state of affairs which it is difficult for a manager to alter. The gallery is vast in size, and its receipts are a great object in an expensive establishment; but its clamours operate against the interest of the other parts of the house, and its subjugation to the rules of good order seems a work indispensable to complete success. To hope better things from an amelioration of manners in the class that frequents the galleries is an idle expectation; to submit to it for ever will be a stigma both on the manager and the other parts of the house. Some have proposed to divide the gallery longitudinally, and thus prevent a concerted system of action. In what mode that good can be effected, which, unless effected, gives no hope of perfecting our theatrical exhibitions, is matter worthy the serious consideration of all who feel the charm of rational entertainment, and hold in estimation the pleasures of imagination and poesy. Thousands now do not visit the theatre at all, who, if these objections were removed, would be frequent visitors. The theatre, they justly observe, should be a school of the purest language, and a scene of decorum and refinement; it should be visited as an intellectual feast, in which "no crude surfeit reigned." This subject, which involves the real interest of the drama, has not often enough been brought before the public, nor efforts commensurate to its importance been attempted to change it.

I write this with no knowledge of any manager personally, and with no wish to exalt the manager of Drury-lane above his merits. He has effected much for the public gratification, but much yet remains to be done. It is still farther in his favour, that he has shown his willingness to give a fair trial to the production of every author that has apparently any chance of success. This is praiseworthy, and adds another laurel to his theatrical crown; but he must leave the author to his own judgment, and not shackle him by restraints. A practice has lately arisen of writing for an actor, and getting a play up with a character purposely drawn for him to sustain. Such a production never can be a happy one

either for author or manager, and can only be of temporary interest. It is the actor's place to study the poet, not the poet the actor. In late times, among other strange things, we have seen most extraordinary acknowledgments put forth by authors to performers, indicating that the latter have, occasionally at least, pretensions humiliating to the pride of authorship, which the world would never have guessed, but for the confession—a confession no less novel and astounding to contemporaries than to ourselves. We are gravely told of an actor (Mr. Macready), in the dedication of "Julian," lately performed at Covent-garden, that his powers have inspired, and his taste "has fostered the tragic dramatists of the age!" A piece of information, then first communicated to them, of which they had lived in unfelicitous ignorance, and would have so continued to live but for this important disclosure. "Elegance and luxuriance of praise" are revived from old Dryden's days,—this is to the full as bad as "your Lordship in satire and Shakspeare in tragedy!"

I fear I have occupied more space than I ought in thus noticing, in a desultory way, subjects which would seem to demand more methodic details. Those, however, who love the theatre, will agree in thinking that what remains to be done is so obvious, that the task of execution is alone wanting, and that this rests with the manager who possesses sufficient originality of mind to act by the rules of good taste alone in the improvement of our dramatic entertainments.*

Y.

LIGHT EVOLVED BY PRESSURE.

We extract the following passage from the *Annales de Chimie*. Considering the increased development of electricity in bodies, by the augmentation of pressure, ought we not to refer to this cause certain luminous phenomena, of which the origin is as yet unknown? For instance, it is said, that in the Polar seas, it frequently happens, that the blocks of ice which strike together evolve light. These enormous blocks arriving one against the other, with considerable motion, will be submitted to great pressure, and thus the two blocks be placed in two different electric states. At the moment the compression ceases, the two fluids will recombine, in consequence of the conducting power of the ice; and may not the light disengaged be the result of the combination of the electric fluids?†

Iron, submitted to successive blows, also becomes luminous.—Are not the same electric phenomena of pressure produced here, as when two masses of ice strike together?—*Journal of Science*.

* As one step, let the text of Shakspeare be forthwith restored in his plays, and the interpolated trash rejected which has so long disgraced the representation of some of his best works.

† See also the light from the falling of a glacier, ix. p. 426.

DEVELOPMENT OF ELECTRICITY BY TWO PIECES OF THE SAME METAL.

Among the applications of the electro-magnetic multiplier, is the following:—If two pieces of the same metal are plunged, at different moments, into an acid capable of acting on them, that which was first introduced will act as the most positive metal to the other. The experiment may be made very well with zinc and diluted muriatic, or sulphuric acid.—Avogadro, *Annales de Chim.*

BLUMENBACH ON IRRITABILITY OF THE TONGUE.

I had the tongue of a four year old ox which had been killed in the common way, by opening the large vessels of the neck, cut out in my presence while yet warm, and at the same time the heart, in order that I might compare the oscillatory motion of this organ, which is by far the most irritable that we are acquainted with, with the motion of the tongue; and, when I excited both viscera at the same time, by the same mechanical stimuli, namely, incisions with a knife and pricks of a needle, the divided tongue appeared to all the bystanders to survive the heart more than seven minutes, and to retain the oscillation of its fibres altogether for a quarter of an hour; and so vivid were the movements when I cut across the fore part of the tongue, that the butcher's wife compared them to those of an eel in similar condition, quite in the way that Ovid has compared them to the motions of the tail of a mutilated snake.—*Edin. Phil. Jour.* VIII. 263.

SENSATION EXPERIENCED AT GREAT ALTITUDES.

Capt. Hodgson in his journey to the head of the Ganges, which he found in the midst of eternal snows, says, whilst speaking of the sensations felt at great altitudes, "We experienced considerable difficulty in breathing, and that peculiar sensation which is always felt at great elevations where there is any sort of herbage, though I never experienced the like on naked snowbeds, even when higher. Mountaineers, who know nothing of the thinness of the air, attribute the faintness to the exhalations from noxious plants; and I believe they are right, for a sickening effluvium was given out by them here, as well as on the heights under the snowy peaks which I passed over last year above the Setlej, though on the highest snow the faintness was not complained of, but only an inability to go far without stopping to take breath.—*Edin. Phil. Jour.*

VEGETATION IN ATMOSPHERES OF DIFFERENT DENSITIES.

The following experiments have been made by Professor Dobe-reiner of Jena. Two glass vessels were produced, each of the ca-

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capacity of 320 cubic inches, two portions of barley were sown in portions of the same earth, and moistened in the same degree, and then placed one in each vessel. The air was now exhausted in one, till reduced to the pressure of 14 inches of mercury, and condensed in the other, until the pressure equalled 56 inches. Germination took place in both nearly at the same time, and the leaflets appeared of the same green tint; but, at the end of 15 days, the following difference existed. The shoots in the rarefied air were 6 inches in length, and from 9 to 10 in the condensed air. The first were expanded and soft; the last rolled round the stem and solid. The first were wet on their surface, and especially towards their extremities; the last were nearly dry. "I am disposed," says M. Dobereiner "to believe that the diminution in the size of plants, as they rise into higher regions on mountains, depends more on the diminution of pressure than of heat. The phenomena of drops of water on the leaves in the rarefied air, calls to my mind the relation of a young Englishman, who, whilst passing through Spanish America as a prisoner, remarked, that on the highest mountains of the country, the trees continually transpired a quantity of water, even in the dryest weather; the water falling sometimes like rain."—*Bib. Univ.* xxii. 121.

FRUIT-TREES.

The growth of weeds round fruit-trees recently transplanted does them much injury, and diminishes their fruit in size and quality. Sonnini in his *Bibliothèque Physico-économique* states, that to prevent this, the Germans spread on the ground, round the fresh transplanted trees, as far as their roots extend, the refuse stalks of flax after the fibrous part has been separated. This gives them surprising vigour. No weed will grow under flax refuse, and the earth remains fresh and loose. Old trees, treated in the same manner when languishing in an orchard, will recover and push out vigorous shoots. In place of the flax-stalks the leaves which fall from trees in Autumn may be substituted, but they must be covered with waste twigs, or any thing else that will prevent the wind from blowing them away.—*Phil. Mag.*

PRESERVATION OF ANATOMICAL PREPARATIONS.

Dr. Macartney, of Dublin, employs for this purpose a solution of alum and nitre, which preserves the natural appearance of most of the parts of the body much better than spirit of wine, or any other liquid hitherto employed. In order to impregnate entirely anatomical preparations, the liquid ought to be renewed from time to time at first. The proportion of the two salts and the strength of the solution should vary according to circumstances. The solution possesses such an antiseptic power that it destroys completely, in a few days, the fœtor of the most putrid animal substances.—*Ann. de Chim.*, xxi. 223.

FROM THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

False or True; or, The Journey to London. An Original Tale.

By Mrs. OPIE.

"WELL then, Ellen, all is settled," said Sir George Mortimer to his niece and ward; "and you are resolved to go to London by the mail from W—— next Monday."

"Yes, dear uncle, it is the quickest conveyance; and as I am only to stay a month, I shall like to lose as little time as I can in travelling."

"Oh! certainly; to lose twelve hours of such delight as awaits you, Ellen, would be shocking indeed!"

"Oh! but it is not only *that*, it will be less trouble, and less expense you know; and I shall want all my money for London; and as my aunt lets her maid go with me, and Mr. Betson, the attorney, will take care of me, I do not see why I should not go by the mail."

"Nor I neither, my dear; but, Ellen, I suppose you have written to desire your cousin Charles Mandeville to meet you at the inn?"

"No, indeed, I have not," Ellen replied, deeply blushing, "for I wish to surprise him; besides, I should not like to take the poor youth out of his bed so early in a cold May."

"A great hardship, indeed, to force a healthy young man of one-and-twenty out of his bed in a spring morning, at five or six o'clock."

"Oh! but if I should give him cold! you know he often has a bad cough."

"Poor delicate creature! I am glad you have so much consideration for him."

"Nay, I am sure Charles is not *delicate*; he looks very manly, and has a fine healthy colour."

"Then why should he not get up to meet you?"

"Oh! but I wish to surprise him. I tell you he will be so surprised, and so delighted!"

"No doubt; well, well, silly girl! have your own way." And Ellen having sent for places in the W—— mail, ran to talk to her aunt and cousins on the only subject uppermost in her young and confiding heart; namely, the joy of a first visit to the metropolis, and of the delight which her unexpected presence there would occasion her dear, dear Charles: for Ellen, though she had a fine understanding, had a heart even too fond and too confiding, and she was only eighteen. Charles Mandeville, who, at the age of five-and-twenty, was to come into possession of a handsome fortune, had finished his classical studies under the tuition of a country clergyman in the village where Sir George Mortimer resided, and thence had had an intimate and frequent intercourse with Sir George's family, which had ended in a tender attachment between him and his cousin Ellen Mortimer, whose mother was his father's sister.

Not that any thing like an engagement existed between them; that Sir George had positively forbidden. He had represented to them that they were as yet too young to know their own minds; and that, as Mr. Mandeville could not marry till he was of age, it would be better to prove the strength and reality of their attachment by absence, and by mixing with the world. The young lovers would have talked of eternal constancy, and declared their hearts were unalterably fixed on each other if he would have allowed them to do so; but he forbade it, assuring them that their rhapsodies would not carry conviction to his mind, as he had known many a passion, which the retirement of a village had created, vanish away in the varied intercourse and pleasures of busy life. And very soon was absence the great test of affection to prove that of Charles Mandeville, for his guardian wrote to tell him it was time for him to enter himself at Lincoln's-inn. As Mandeville's father had been a strict dissenter, he had forbidden his son to be educated at college; therefore, instead of going to Cambridge, he received the private tuition which I have mentioned, and was then to commence his legal studies, as intellectual pursuit of some sort was wisely deemed necessary for him during the years that were yet to come of his long minority. But a young man, who knows that at five-and-twenty he shall have a large fortune, is not likely from principle and the love of employment to study very hard. The known expectations, the handsome person, prompt attentions, musical powers, and pleasing manners of Charles Mandeville, soon gave him entrance into some gay and fashionable circles in the metropolis; and at the end of six months after he left the village of R—, his letters to Ellen were neither so frequent nor so long as they had been, but they contained some tender words, such as "dearest, beloved girl," and so on; and Ellen tried to be satisfied; for how was it possible that Charles should have changed so soon, if at all; since her heart was unchanged, though she had had temptations to falsehood thrown in her way.

Sir Henry Claremont, a young Baronet, came to reside on a beautiful estate belonging to a friend of his, who was forced to live abroad on account of his health. This estate joined the Park-gate of Sir George Mortimer. Sir Henry on losing a mother, whom he almost adored, felt himself unable to remain in his own house where every thing reminded him of his loss, he therefore hired the seat in question of its owner. But he declined visiting his neighbours, and had gained the title of the recluse, when he saw Ellen at church soon after she finally left school, and from that moment he was a recluse no longer; for as soon as Sir George found that the young Baronet sought, rather than avoided him, he invited him to his house; and a great deal of visiting intercourse took place, till, on the obvious intimacy and attachment which ensued between Ellen and Charles, Sir Henry gradually ceased his visits, and his love of solitude and home returned. But when Charles went to London, and when, on inquiry, Sir Henry found

that no engagement existed between him and his cousin, he again became sociable, and at length after "a series of quiet attentions, not so pointed as to alarm or so vague as to be misunderstood," he ventured to ask leave to address Miss Mortimer. But Ellen was firm in her refusal of his addresses; and Sir George could not help saying, "Well, Ellen, I only hope that Charles may prove himself worthy of the sacrifice you are making for his sake." "Sacrifice, my dear uncle!"—"Yes; for is not Sir Henry Claremont every thing a father would desire in a husband for his daughter, or his daughter for herself? Is he not handsome, young, good, pious, studious. Before his rich neighbours knew him did not his poor ones bless him, Ellen?"—"Oh yes, he is very good, and charming I dare say, and if I did not love Charles, I—but I *do* love Charles, so I cannot have Sir Henry."

Sir George shook his head, sighed, and told Sir Henry he had nothing at present to hope. Sir Henry sighed also, but he contrived to remember the "at present" qualified the refusal from the lips of Sir George, and he resolved to hope on; in the mean while Ellen could not express a wish which was not immediately fulfilled: presents so delicately offered that they could not be refused, and attentions so well timed that they could not be dispensed with, proved the continuation of his love: a love which, though silent in words, spoke in every glance of his intelligent eye, and seemed resolved to burn unchanged even in the midst of despair. There were times when Ellen herself thought it was a pity she could not reward such love as that of Sir Henry; but this was only when she had for a few days vainly expected a letter from Charles. If the expected letter, when it came, contained its usual quantity of tender epithets, and one regret at being separated from her, then she forgot Sir Henry's incessant assiduity; she heard with calm approbation only of his benevolent exertions, and had no wish so near her heart as to see Charles again; no regret but that she did not receive the long-promised invitation to London from her mother's old friend, Mrs. Ainslie. At length this precious invitation arrived, and Ellen was requested to set off immediately, as at the end of the month her friend would be obliged to travel to the north. It was the suddenness of the summon which tempted Ellen to surprise Charles, as she hoped, agreeably; and Sir George, who suspected that Charles's attachment had not resisted the destroying power of absence as well as hers had done, was willing that he should be taken by surprise, as he thought that, if Ellen could see her favourite's heart off its guard, she might find out that he had ceased to love her, and might thence derive power to conquer her own attachment.

The parting hour with her relations was, on Ellen's side, one of tears quickly succeeded by smiles when she found herself really seated in the mail, and really on her journey to London: that journey, at the end of which she was to see, though not alas! immediately, the face which haunted her dreams, and gave interest to

her waking hours; and to hear that voice whose parting accents still rung mournfully and melodiously in her ears. To Ellen the novelty of the present scene, and the expectation of the future, gave a feeling of intoxication which made her almost troublesomely loquacious to her companion, Mr. Betson, for she could only converse concerning London, and ask incessant questions relative to the place of her destination. As they passed Sir Henry Claremont's Park-gate, Ellen saw him leaning on it as if watching to catch a last look of her. She eagerly returned his bow of adieu, and kissed her hand kindly to him, but was soon again engrossed in questioning her companion. As it grew dark, Mr. Betson's answers were shorter and shorter; and, when night came on, his replies dwindled down to a plain "Yes," and "No." At last Ellen with dismay saw him, after a hearty yawn, put on his night-cap, and settle himself down in the corner. "Dear me, Sir!" she exclaimed, "to be sure you are not going to sleep?" "Why not, Miss Mortimer; I am not a young man, and I really advise you to sleep yourself, for you will want all your spirits for the journey, and for London when you get there." Ellen was disappointed, but she saw that sleep was so much dearer to Mr. Betson as a companion than she was, that she submitted in silence to the preference; or rather she talked, as talk she must, to her aunt's maid now, for the time being her own, and in projecting alterations which she was to execute in her old things, or in thinking over what new things she was to purchase, she beguiled part of the long night, which still separated her from London and her love, but at dawn she had talked herself into weariness, and sleep was not far behind. When she awoke, the approach to London, through Piccadilly, was in sight, and Ellen was in an ecstasy of admiration! Oh, the incessant questions with which she now assailed Mr. Betson. But the question nearest her heart was, "Pray, Sir, where is Albany? Because this is Piccadilly, you say, and Albany, I know, is near it." But Mr. Betson had never heard of Albany, which Charles mentioned as a most fashionable residence, *ergo*, Mr. Betson was a vulgar man, and knew nothing of *ton* and life.

Ellen now began to regret that she had not written to request Charles to meet her, or rather to let him know she was to be seen at seven o'clock in the morning at the Golden Cross, Charing Cross. No doubt he would have been there, and then she should have seen him so much sooner. This consideration had led her into a deep *reverie*, when the mail turned into the Inn-yard at one of the entrances, and she found Mr. Ainslie's carriage waiting for her.

It is easy to imagine that Ellen's ideas of London were considerably lowered as she turned her back on the west end of the town; and after going down the comparatively gloomy Strand, in which the current of human life had not yet begun its course, saw the carriage turn into the spacious but dark area of Serjeant's Inn; and Charles lived in Albany, and that was near *Piccadilly*! But the

warm affectionate greeting of her mother's friends, the cheerful fire, the refreshing breakfast, and the evidences of kind hearts, of taste and of opulence, which surrounded her, suspended for a while even the remembrance of Charles and regret that he was so far off; and Ellen was so cheered, so alive, that she could not be prevailed upon by her kind hostess to go to bed for a few hours. "Oh, no—it is impossible! I should not sleep if I did;" then blushing deeply, she said, that she must write a note. "You will find whatever you want for that purpose in your own chamber." "No—not unless you go with me thither," she replied, blushing still more, "for I want you to write what I shall dictate." Mrs. Ainslie accordingly accompanied Ellen to her room, and there she learnt what she wished her to write, as follows:

"If Mr. Mandeville will take the trouble to call at Mr. Ainslie's, No. —, Serjeant's Inn, some time to-day, he will learn some intelligence respecting his cousin Ellen Mortimer."

"But why," said Mrs. Ainslie, "not tell him at once that you are here." The treasured fancy of her heart, however, was indulged, and Mrs. Ainslie did as she desired her, then sent her own servant to Albany with the note.

Mrs. Ainslie, in consequence of having been told in confidence by Sir George that he suspected Charles's heart of having played truant to Ellen, allowed the expression "some time to-day" to remain, and did not insist on changing it for a *particular hour*, as she thought that Charles coming early or late, according to the suggestions of his own heart, would prove the state of that heart beyond a doubt to her eyes, though not, perhaps, to Ellen's; therefore with some anxious expectation, though not equal to that of her young guest, Mrs. Ainslie awaited the arrival of Charles. But hour succeeded to hour, and yet he did not come;—while Ellen's cheek was now pale, now flushed, as disappointment or hope preponderated; yet it was in reality all disappointment, for if he had been interested in hearing aught concerning her he would have come directly. "Surely," said Ellen at last, no longer able to conceal her vexation. "Surely, Charles is not in town?" "You shall question my servant yourself," said Mrs. Ainslie, and she rung for him, though she already knew what he would reply, which was, that he saw Mr. Mandeville's servant, who told him he would give the note into his master's hand immediately. Yet it was three o'clock, and he was not at Serjeant's Inn. "Well," said Mrs. Ainslie, "I conclude, Ellen, you will not stay at home any longer in hopes of this truant's arrival. My carriage is coming round, and I must take you to see something, as you are neither tired nor sleepy." No,—Ellen was neither, but she was something *much worse*—she was sick at heart. The bright prospect that love and hope had pictured was blighted, and she wished already, earnestly wished, that she had never come to London. But the next moment she excused Charles's delay thus:—"He could not suppose he was to see me, and perhaps he thought it a *hoax*. Yes—yes—

I dare say he believed it a take-in. Oh! why was I so *foolish* as not to write to him myself. I am *sure* he would have come then."

This internal colloquy served to tranquillize her mind so completely that she ventured at length to repeat it audibly to Mrs. Ainslie, but that lady coldly replied, "this is a fresh argument, Ellen, for you to consent to go out, and I hope you will no longer refuse." However, she did refuse; it was far more delightful to her to stay within expecting, and looking for Charles Mandeville, even though he did not come, than to see all the wonders of London. Mrs. Ainslie, however, took her accustomed drive in the park, with a feeling of kind vexation at her fond obstinacy, painfully subdued by pity for the apparent strength of an attachment, which was probably ill-requested. But she would not have left her had she not wished to ascertain the truth of what she suspected; namely, that Charles Mandeville, feeling no particular eagerness or anxiety to know the intelligence concerning Ellen, had gone to Bond-street and St. James's-street, or to some of his other daily haunts, and was probably, as usual, finishing his morning in the drive; and *there* Mrs. Ainslie saw him. For a moment she resolved to send her servant to say a lady wished to speak to him, then introduce herself, tell him who she was, and invite him to dinner; but she thought it was more for Ellen's good to let events take the direction which Ellen had given them by her note, and she left the park almost as soon as her end in going was answered, and returned home without speaking to Mandeville.

"Well," said Ellen, mournfully, as soon as she saw her, "he has not been here yet!" "No, certainly not, for I met him several times in the park on horseback." "Then you have seen him; and if I had gone with you I should have seen him too," said Ellen, the long imprisoned tears trickling down her face, "but, oh! how unkind it is in him not to call; but surely, surely, you told him." "I only knew him personally, my dear girl, and he does not know me when he sees me; nor could I be sure that you would not be displeased with me for depriving you of your chance for surprising him agreeably."

Spite of herself, Mrs. Ainslie's voice drawled almost *sarcastically* when she uttered "agreeably," and Ellen, bursting again into tears, hurried to her own apartment.

I will not attempt to describe the misery which Ellen's confiding, fond, and inexperienced heart underwent when she reached it, but I fear many of my readers, young and old, can imagine what it was from their own painful experience.

Whether Mrs. Ainslie's heart was experienced in the same way, I know not, but certain it is, that she allowed Ellen to indulge her feelings till the indulgence was probably become burdensome, before she knocked at her door. Oh! how tenacious, how clinging, even to a hair for life, is hope, in a young, impassioned heart! Ellen thought that, perhaps, Charles Mandeville was now really come, and she eagerly opened the door to receive the welcome

tidings. "Alas! No—he is not come," said Mrs. Ainslie, answering the asking eye.—Ellen blushed, and turned away with her handkerchief to her face.

"Come, come, my dear child! this must not be," said her kind hostess; I want my Ellen Mortimer's daughter to be seen to advantage; and spite of what poets and novelists say, swelled eyelids and a red nose, however they may prove sensibility, are no improvers of beauty, and I expect some smart young men to dinner."

Ellen did not reply; she recollected but that for her own obstinacy Charles might have been one of the smart young men. However, she felt ashamed of seeming to feel so much for one who appeared by his present conduct to feel so little for her, that she dried up her tears, washed her eyes with rose-water, called herself an idiot, conversed with Mrs. Ainslie on indifferent subjects, dressed herself as becomingly as she could, for perhaps Charles might call in the evening, and went down to dinner looking very pretty, and, to those who had not seen her before, unaffectedly animated, but Mrs. Ainslie saw that her spirits were forced; she also observed, with considerable pain, that every knock at the door made her start and change colour, and that she took little interest in aught that was going forward. Poor thing! thought she as she looked on her sweet and modest loveliness, and is thy fair morn so soon overcast? Is a blight to come so soon over thy beauties? Not if I can teach her to distinguish the *false* from the *true*. However, he might think the note a hoax.

At length the long weary day ended, and even before the company departed, Ellen, on pretence of fatigue, obtained leave to retire to bed, where, from the journey of the preceding night, she was able to sleep spite of her sorrows. Welcome, however, was the sight of the next morning, for *surely* Charles would call that day; and if he did not it would be evident that he thought the note was an imposition, and then she resolved to write to him herself.

The truth, the mortifying truth was, that Mandeville, though surprised at receiving such a note, resolved to ride to Serjeant's Inn during the course of the day, but in the busy idleness of his London life he utterly forgot to do so, as Ellen no longer reigned the mistress of every thought; and consequently the desire of hearing "intelligence" of her was not, as it once would have been, one of the dearest wishes of his heart. But when he rose the next day, and saw the note lying on his table, he was rather ashamed of his negligence, and resolved to go to Serjeant's Inn as soon as he returned from breakfasting at the rooms of a fashionable friend of his in Albany, especially as Mr. Ainslie was, he knew, a man high at the bar, and his wife gave good parties for *that end of the town*. Still it was odd that an anonymous note should come from such a quarter; "intelligence concerning his cousin Ellen Mortimer." What could it be?—Surely Ellen was not false! Surely she was

not going to be married! The idea was far from being a pleasant one; but he glanced his eye over his really handsome face now embellished by the flush of apprehension, and muttering to himself "no, no, that cannot be;" he thoughtfully descended the stairs, and went to his apartment.

Ellen meanwhile, unlike the Ellen of her uncle's house, took her seat at Mrs. Ainslie's breakfast-table, with a look of anxiety and uncomfortableness on her usually bright and happy countenance, which gives age even to the countenance of youth; and Mr. Ainslie thought her some years older than she appeared the day before, ere the cloud of disappointed hope had passed over her brow, and the anxieties of love had begun to tread on the heel of its enjoyments. Mrs. Ainslie too was hurt and mortified; she had expected to give uninterrupted pleasure to Ellen by the invitation to London, but she found that she had been the means of misery to her. However, if Mandeville had ceased to love, the sooner and the more completely she was convinced of his falsehood the better it would be for her future peace; and the remedy, though very painful, would, she trusted, make the cure complete.

Ellen ate scarcely any thing, but Mr. and Mrs. Ainslie were too delicate to notice her want of appetite as they knew its cause; and when the usual hour of breakfast for fashionable young men was, according to Mrs. Ainslie, passed, she began to recover a degree of hope that Charles would soon appear, and with it some of her vivacity and all her beauty; for the flush of anxious expectation deepened into even feverish brilliancy the colour on her cheek, and gave lustre and added expression to her ever bright and tender blue eye.

The boy has no heart! thought Mr. Ainslie, as he gazed on her, or he would have come post to receive intelligence of a creature like that. Oh, she would be better without him. So thought his amiable wife; and the next thing to be done was to convince Ellen, if possible, of the same obvious truth. But on what was Ellen's love of him founded? If, thought Mrs. Ainslie, her love be not founded on the supposed superior qualities of mind or heart of the man she loves, I believe any woman's love may be conquered, and I trust Ellen is like other women; then, if *gratified* self-love be the foundation of her attachment, *wounded* self-love may prove the means of bringing it to the ground again; and I will see what can be done.

This day Ellen was not doomed to expect in vain; but after a tremendous knock from his groom, which made Ellen start from her seat, Mr. Mandeville was announced; he had asked for Mrs. Ainslie, and was instantly admitted to that lady; she had asked Ellen whether she wished to receive Charles alone, but as she replied no, though very faintly, Mrs. Ainslie was glad of the slightest excuse to stay and witness the manner and conduct of Charles on the *surprise* which awaited him.

When he entered, Ellen stood in the next room by the open

folding door, where he could not see her; after the usual salutations, Mandeville said, "I take the liberty of calling on you, Madam, in consequence of receiving this note."—"You did right, Sir, for I wrote it; but the intelligence to which it alludes you must receive from a lady in the next room." He turned, and beheld Ellen *pale* and *agitated*; for at sight of her no glow of delight sparkled in his eyes, mantled on his cheek, or gave tenderness to his tone; he blushed, indeed, but it was evidently from embarrassed, not agreeable surprise; and his salutation of "Why Ellen! Is it possible? you here!" was spoken in the same drawling, affected tone with which he had addressed Mrs. Ainslie.—"Yes," faltered out the poor girl as she withdrew her hand from his unimpassioned grasp; "yes, I thought you would be surprised to see me." "Surprised indeed!" but still the word glad did not escape him.—He is honest, however, thought Mrs. Ainslie; but as she saw her young friend's excessive emotion, and also saw if she had an opportunity she would give way to the mortification and apprehension which she could not but feel, and treat her unworthy admirer with a scene which might gratify his vanity without touching his heart, she resolved not to quit the room; therefore she seated herself at her table, and began to work. Mandeville's countenance she thought cleared up when she did so; but not Ellen's, who unwilling to think that she and Mandeville were not still lovers, wondered excessively that Mrs. Ainslie did not leave them alone.

"And when did you come?"

"Yesterday."

"And how did you come?"

"By the mail."

"The mail! how could Sir George suffer it?"

"Oh! but I wished it."

"What a vulgar taste! The mail! How could you wish it, Ellen?"

"Oh! because, because"—here poor Ellen recollected that she wished it because she was anxious to *lose no time*, as her stay was to be short; therefore the contrast of her expectations then and *now* overcame her, and she turned aside to weep. Charles was more nettled than affected by this sensibility, and was about to say a kind word in a peevish tone; when Mrs. Ainslie interfered, and coldly said, almost mimicking in spite of herself the manner in which he pronounced 'the mail,'—"I see no vulgarity, but much good sense, in my young friend's choosing to come up by the mail, Mr. Mandeville."

"Indeed, Madam?"

"Yes, posting is very expensive."

"But could not Sir George have afforded to treat his niece with a post-chaise?"

"No; he has a large family, and cannot afford to spend ten or twelve pounds unnecessarily."

"Why could she not pay for herself then?"

"Because Ellen is not of age, and her allowance is small, therefore she wisely resolved to come by the odious vulgar mail, attended by her aunt's maid and a gentleman of her acquaintance."

"A gentleman! what gentleman?" said he, changing colour.

"Oh! you need not be jealous," replied Mrs. Ainslie, maliciously, and Mandeville blushed still deeper; "it was not a *certain* gentleman, but a Mr., Mr. —."

"Betson," said Ellen, who had now recovered herself, and was cheered by Charles's blush and manner, when he heard that a *gentleman* accompanied her.

"What, old Betson the attorney! what a beau! really Sir George is a strange guardian for a young lady of your fortune, Miss Mortimer, and a Baronet's niece."

"On the contrary," said Mrs. Ainslie, he is the wisest guardian possible; the income of £10,000 will not go far if its possessor must always travel post or not at all; and habits of economy are necessary even for persons of £10,000 per ann. Sir George has known the misery of a narrow income; and, though a Baronet, was, you know, a pennyless subaltern, and then a Captain in the army for many years, dragging a wife and eight children about with him from one station to another, as he could, *on* coaches or *in* coaches; and, when comparative wealth came, it was too late for him to assume the fantastical airs, and fine gentleman disgusts and shrinkings of those who have not, like him, been made superior to the unnecessary indulgences of life by a painful acquaintance with its realities. His girls were Baronet's daughters then, yet, if it was *necessary*, they went with their nurse on a baggage-wagon; and now, if necessary, Sir George and Lady Mortimer would let them go in a *mail*, aye, and with Mr. Betson too."

Mandeville was surprised to hear such sentiments from a woman who was, he knew, reckoned rather proud, not easy of access, and was herself allied to nobility; and as he associated the idea of vulgarity with that of attention to economy, he would have thought Mrs. Ainslie *vulgar* if he could so have thought of a woman of her station in society; however, he judged it best to say no more concerning mail travelling, but bowing, as if convinced, he next asked Ellen how long she meant to stay?

"Only a month."

"Dear me; how unfortunate! for I have so many engagements for this month!"

"But when a lady's in the case,
All other things you know give place,"

cried Mrs. Ainslie, fixing her penetrating eyes on his countenance.

"Yes," said he, avoiding her glance as much as possible, "*all other things*, but not all other ladies; and my engagements are with ladies. I have to sing at Lady D——'s one night; at Lady C——'s another; then quadrille balls without end."

"I did not know, my dear," said Mrs. Ainslie, coldly, "that Mr. Mandeville was a singing and dancing gentleman."

"Oh yes; he does both exquisitely."

"But does he never think proper to sing and dance with you?—Pray, Mr. Mandeville, would not Miss Mortimer, that is, your cousin Ellen's being in London for a short time be a sufficient excuse for your singing one duet and dancing one quadrille less in an evening where she is not, in order to enable you to dance and sing where she is?"

"Certainly, certainly," he replied in a hurried manner; "certainly, at some places; but I really did wish to have gone about with Ellen and shown her London."

"And can you not?"

"Never mind whether he can or not," said Ellen, rather indignantly; "since, since"—here she paused, covered with blushes, for she was conscious of this feeling; "as he is not, I see, anxious to stay at home with me, I do not much care whether he goes abroad with me or not."

Mandeville now saw that Ellen resented his manner and conduct, and not being willing to break with her entirely, he soothingly replied; "*Nay*, my dear Ellen, do not make my misfortune, in being forced to relinquish your society, greater than it already is, by seeming to consider it as my fault. But why lose the time present? Ellen, let us now go somewhere. Ellen do not frown on me! Dearest Ellen forgive me!"

Mrs. Ainslie now thought, as Charles's manner was become humble, and his looks and tones tender, that she ought to quit the room. But she had scarcely reached the landing place when another knock at the door announced the arrival of visitors, and she reseated herself much, as she again fancied, to the relief of Mandeville and disappointment of the still believing Ellen; she now saw Mandeville speaking in a low voice to her, and what he said was received with a blush and an inquiring eye directed to her.—"What does that look say, Miss Mortimer?" cried she, smiling.

"That Ellen wishes to take a walk with me, and see some sights, if you have no objection."

"Certainly not, my footman shall attend you; I only require that you should return time enough for your cousin to go out with me in my carriage." Mandeville promised to be obedient to her wishes, and Ellen went to equip herself for her walk.

It was with mixed feelings in which pain predominated, that Ellen took out her bonnet which was made on purpose to wear in London; for it was exactly like one which Charles used to admire, and say that she looked remarkably pretty in; therefore when the original hat was worn out, the fond and flattered girl bought another to replace it, and had a tender pleasure in anticipating the satisfaction her lover would feel in seeing this proof of her attention to his taste. But now she felt a degree of delicate reluctance to wear this tell-tale hat before him; but she had no other, and with embarrassing consciousness she entered the drawing-room, in

which she found Mrs. Ainslie and Charles alone. "Dear me, Ellen," cried he, as soon as he saw her, "have you no other bonnet than that to put on. That old-fashioned, odd looking thing."

"I thought you used to admire it," said Ellen, almost in tears.

"Yes, so I did, when it was new and in the country; but here it would be so quizzed."

It is new, she was going to say; but she stopt, unable to make the now mortifying avowal; and, turning to Mrs. Ainslie, she timidly said, "what can I do? I see Charles will be ashamed of me in this bonnet."

"I own," said Mrs. Ainslie, "the bonnet is not fashionable, though becoming; and as I wish you to look like other people in your dress, Ellen, I will lend you my last new one till we can buy another."

"Will you, indeed; oh, that will be so kind!" said Ellen, following Mrs. Ainslie to her chamber. When she reappeared, Charles eagerly exclaimed, "what a beautiful bonnet, and how becoming! really, Ellen, I think you will not disgrace me now." Heartless, vain creature, thought Mrs. Ainslie; but surely, surely Ellen cannot long bear this.

As soon as they were in the street, Charles said, "a very fine woman that, Mrs. Ainslie, still, but terribly severe; I would as soon encounter a wild cat as a woman of that sort."

"She is very kind to me, Charles."

"Yes, and will be, till you displease her; but then beware of a *coup de patte*—did you not see how she scratched me?"

"Scratched you, Charles!"

"Metaphorically, I mean; but whither shall we go Ellen? we are now at the Temple-gate, let us go and look at the gardens."

"And at the Temple too, if you please, Charles; for my dear father lived there many years, you know; and when there he fell in love with mamma. I should so like to see his chambers! Shall we ask which were Mr. Mortimer's chambers where he fell in love with mamma? Nay, do not laugh at me, Charles, I am not quite so silly as you imagine; but I know papa lived in Paper-buildings."

"And so do many others."

"Indeed! but I should like to look even at the walls."

"Sentimental girl!—Well, you shall be indulged." And till Ellen had seen the buildings on both sides, the gardens had no power to attract her attention. But even then, pretty as they are, Ellen could not admit that they were equal in beauty to her uncle's; and one thought of the view she had of the lake in Sir Henry Claremont's ground annihilated all the beauty of the Temple river to her. "That river is the Thames, Ellen," he replied peevishly, not pleased at the mention of Sir Henry, for the jealousies of self-love are as powerful and strong as those of love; and after having taken a turn or two round the garden,—the footman was not allowed to follow,—the gate was unlocked again, and they went for-

ward on their way to the *upper regions*, as Charles called the other end of the town. As they walked through some of the courts they met young barristers returning home, and Charles found by the evident admiration which Ellen excited that he had reason to be proud of his fair companion, and saying to himself, "she will do, I may venture to show her in Bond-street," he took her thither, after having first pointed out to her all the principal streets on that side of Oxford-road, and the best squares. However, I must own, my heroine was as yet more alive to the pleasure of being with Mandeville again, hanging on his arm, than to the charms of what she saw; even his conversation, egotistical and frivolous as it was, pleased her, because it was his; though she listened with ever renewed, and ever disappointed expectation, in hopes of hearing him speak the language of the *heart*, and of still faithful affection.

When they returned to Sergeant's Inn, Mrs. Ainslie asked Ellen how she liked her walk. "Oh! very much," she replied, but her observant friend saw that, though her eyes might have been satisfied, her heart was not. "You, I trust, Mr. Mandeville, have been pleased and proud too; for I dare say, as every new face is stared at in town, a new, young, and pretty one also, must have created a great sensation."

"It did, I assure you; and Ellen carried away gazer's hearts like burrs sticking to her."

"Oh! fye, Charles; how can you say so," replied Ellen, blushing and pleased."

"Well then," said Mrs. Ainslie, suppose you go with us into the drive, and help Ellen to give back these hearts, as you there may probably see and know their respective owners." Mandeville said he was very sorry, but he could not go to the Park with them, as he had an appointment at White's at half past four, but he would thank her to set him down in St. James's-street.

"You will dine with us, I hope?"

"Yes, with pleasure, if you dine late."

"At seven o'clock precisely."

"Then I will have the honour to wait on you."

Ellen now grew very thoughtful; and her internal world, poor girl, hid the external one from her view. Charles became his own rival, and by dint of thinking of him and his conversation she almost forgot that he was present. She had been with him alone in a crowd, the next thing to being alone in a room; but no language resembling that of love, or even affectionate interest, had escaped him. He had talked incessantly, but entirely of himself and his fine acquaintance, and his singing, and the admiration it excited. Then he knew this lady, the most beautiful creature in the world; and that lady, the most fascinating and accomplished; and another, whom to see was to adore; but when Ellen, pale, spiritless, and jealous beyond expression, could scarcely ask the name of these charmers, she heard, with an odd mixture of plea-

sure and pain, that these irresistible creatures were married women or widows of a certain age; and though her jealousy suffered less, her morals suffered a great deal. Oh! thought she, even one short walk in our village, alone with Charles, was worth all our noisy, bustling, long walk to-day; and this is my eagerly expected pleasure in London. Sir Henry Claremont would hardly believe what I could tell him!

"Ellen is in a *reverie*," said Charles to Mrs. Ainslie.

"Yes, thinking of the absent, I suspect," she replied. That piqued him, and he tried to make her talk, but even the tone of his voice was altered; and while Ellen heard him she was so engaged in comparing his past with his present voice, his past with his present manner, that she scarcely heard what he said; and while she almost unconsciously fixed her meaning, and nearly tearful eyes on his face, he dared not encounter, because he could not respond to their appealing expression; therefore he was very glad when they reached St. James's-street. His adieus were soon spoken, and he disappeared without one of those lingering looks that speak the reluctance with which a beloved object is quitted, and a wish to see that object still, while it is at all visible. Alas! Ellen's eyes pursued *him* thus, and saw him till he could be seen no more.

"Your cousin is a very handsome young man," said Mrs. Ainslie.

"Yes, very."

"How long was he at R—?"

"Two years."

"Indeed!" replied Mrs. Ainslie gravely, alarmed by the length of the intimacy. However, thought she, as Mandeville's head has been turned, and his heart hardened by admiration here, why should not Ellen's be operated upon by the same process? I will watch her now that men are staring at her, and glasses raised at her as we pass. But Ellen saw them not,—she saw only the Charles Mandeville with whom she used to associate at R—, till Mrs. Ainslie at length gained her attention by pointing at a succession of distinguished and well known characters who were lounging in Piccadilly, or going on horseback into the Park. The eager look of curiosity with which Ellen received what her friend said, accompanied sometimes with an almost audible "which is he?" attracted even more eager observation than it evinced, and Ellen, no longer insensible of the admiring attention which answered her curious glance, became quite alive to the passing scene, and her own pre-eminence in it; till, after several turns in the drive, she fancied she saw Charles on horseback by the side of a very fine woman. After that her eyes were incessantly wandering in search of him; and when he indeed passed, apparently without seeing her, her only hope, her only interest was to try and be more successful when he passed again.

"But how strange it was," said Mrs. Ainslie, "that Mr. Mandeville should not be on the look out for you, Ellen?"

"Oh! no, you forget that he is with a lady——."

"But that lady is old, and faded, and *fardée*. The man ought to have better taste than to prefer her to you."

True, but she was a woman of fashion, and Mandeville was flattered by being seen with her. Again Ellen tried to catch his attention, but in vain; and as Mrs. Ainslie saw that all her pleasure in the scene was over, she desired the coachman to get out of the park as fast as he could, and drive to a French milliner's in Conduit-street. Had they gone down the drive again Mandeville meant to have *seen* her.

After the mortified and even mournful Ellen had tried on two or three bonnets, with a degree of indifference painful to behold in so young a person, as it was unnatural at her age, and only too indicative of an oppressed heart, she bought one, which Mrs. Ainslie admired; and having engaged a very fashionable hair-dresser, to cut and dress Ellen's hair, Mrs. Ainslie, as there was yet time, drove to the gallery of a fashionable painter. There her attention was rivetted by an unfinished whole-length portrait of a gentleman, and she eagerly called Ellen to admire it. "What a countenance! what eyes! what a meek benignant expression about the mouth! —I never saw such a face! I have seen handsomer, perhaps, but one so captivating never! Is it not charming, Ellen?" As she said this, she looked at her, and saw her covered with blushes.

"I know the original," said Ellen, smiling. "It is Sir Henry Claremont."

"Indeed! Oh! Ellen! Ellen! that your Sir Henry Claremont?"

"He is not mine."

"Yes, yes, he is; the fine flower in one's garden is our's, Ellen, though we may not choose to pluck it and wear it. Silly girl, ungrateful, mistaken girl! —Is Sir Henry to sit again soon?" said Mrs. Ainslie to the attendant.

"No, Madam, he will never sit again. The picture is paid for, but it was begun for Lady Claremont, his mother; and Sir Henry, as she is dead, cannot bear to have it finished."

"I would give something," said Mrs. Ainslie, passing her arm through Ellen's, "to see that picture finished one day. What an attached, affectionate husband would such a son make! Aye, and I dare say he is a faithful lover!" Ellen did not reply, but she involuntarily turned her eyes on the picture. The pensive penetrating eye seemed to fix even reproachfully upon her, and what and whom had she preferred to him! Ellen sighed, and turned suddenly away. "Good bye, most captivating being!" said Mrs. Ainslie to the picture, "I will come and see you again very soon, and would that I knew the original!"

"He is handsomer than his picture," said the attendant, "and as good as he is handsome, Madam. My brother is one of his servants, and my sister is married to one of his tenants, and they say he is an angel upon earth!"

"Come away, Ellen,—come away! if your heart can stand this,
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mine can't, I assure you!" Ellen smiled, spite of herself, with pride and pleasure too, for this admirable creature loved her, even though she loved another. Again she was absent and taciturn, while Mrs. Ainslie, wishing her to be left to her own reflections, made no effort to engage her in conversation.

Never had Ellen been so absorbed in the business of the toilet as she was to-day. Mrs. Ainslie kindly superintended and patiently answered all Ellen's inquiries, as to what was fashionable, rather than as to what was becoming; for she had discovered that fashion was every thing with Mandeville. At length not satisfied with her appearance, for her aim was to recall a strayed heart, and love makes every one humble, Ellen, attired entirely to the satisfaction of Mrs. Ainslie and to the loud admiration of Mr. Ainslie, seated herself on a sofa that held *only two*, and with a beating heart awaited the arrival of Charles, for she could not help hoping, spite of all that had passed, that he would come early; but he came last, and was evidently not solicitous to sit next Ellen at table. Mrs. Ainslie, however, conscious that Ellen would be evidently disconcerted if he did not sit by her, desired Ellen to go next him, as he, of course, sat by the lady whom he had handed down stairs, and she tried to be happy. But Charles did not, as he used to do at R——, turn his back for her sake on the lady, whoever she was, that sat on the other side of him, and she felt glad when the ladies retired, that she might go to her own room, and relieve her full heart by weeping.

(*To be continued.*)

SONG.

Why are you wandering here, I pray?

An old man ask'd a maid one day;

Looking for poppies so bright and red,

Father, said she, I'm hither led.

Fie, fie!

She heard him cry,

Poppies, 'tis known to all who rove,

Grow in the fields, and not the grove.

Tell me again, the old man said,

Why are you loitering here, fair maid?

The nightingale's song, so sweet and clear,

Father, said she, I came to hear.

Fie, fie!

She heard him cry,

Nightingales all—so people say,

Warble by night, and not by day.

The sage look'd grave, the maiden shy,

When Lubin jump'd over the stile hard by;

The sage look'd graver, the maid more glum,

Lubin he twiddled his finger and thumb.

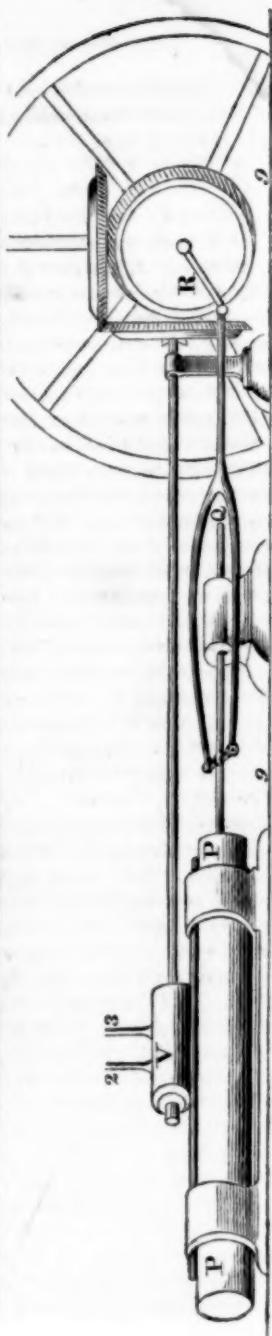
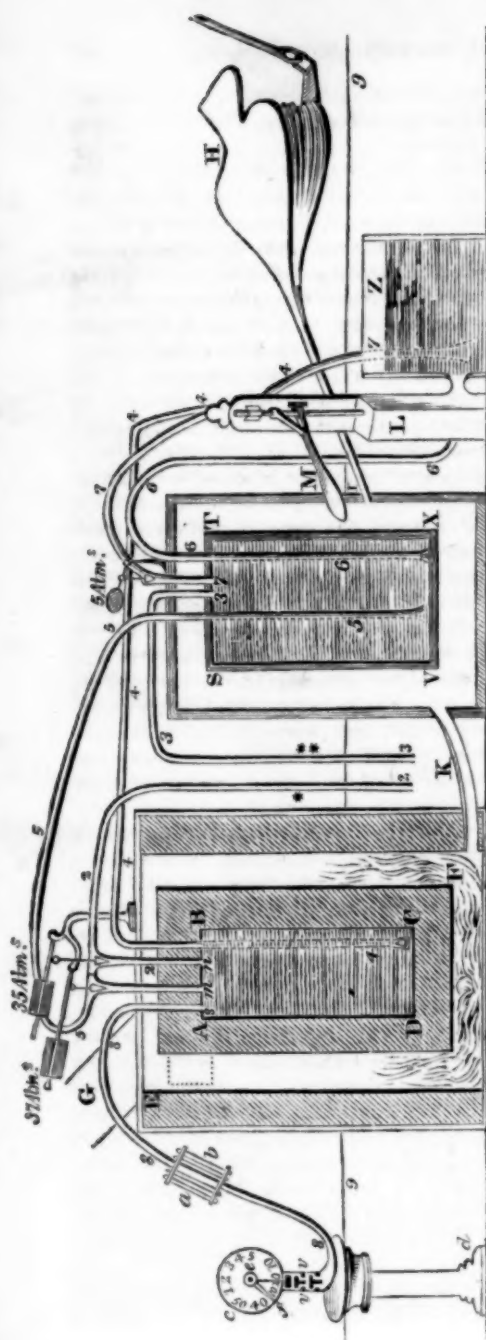
Fie, fie!

The old man's cry,

Poppies like this, I own are rare,

And of such nightingale's songs beware.

[*Lond. Lit. Gaz.*]



ENGRAVED FOR THE MUSEUM PUB BY E. LITTELL.

FROM THE EDINBURGH PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

Description of Mr. Perkins's New Steam-Engine, and of the application of his Invention to Engines of the Old Construction.

WE have already communicated to our readers in the two last numbers of this Journal, all the authentic information which we could obtain respecting Mr. Perkins's new Steam-Engine; and we have used the utmost diligence to obtain such farther information as may, in some measure, gratify that curiosity which these imperfect notices have excited. There never has been in our day an invention which has created such a sensation in the scientific and in the manufacturing world. The steam-engine of Mr. Watt had been so long considered as the greatest triumph of art and science, that it was deemed a sort of heresy to regard it as capable of improvement; and, notwithstanding all that has been done by Mr. Woolff, and other eminent engineers, the undoubted merit of their engines has scarcely yet been admitted by the public. Under such circumstances, Mr. Perkins's claims were likely to meet with various kinds of opposition. Instead of hailing it as an invention which was to do honour to the age in which we live, and to add a new and powerful arm to British industry, imperfect experiments and confined views were urged against the principle of its construction, the jealousies of rival traders were arrayed against it, imaginary apprehensions of danger were excited, and short-sighted politicians sounded the alarm, that such an invention would precipitate our country from its lofty pre-eminence among the manufacturing nations of the world.

Most of these grounds of opposition have been now removed by direct experiment. Mr. Perkins's engine is actually at work. Its operations have been witnessed, and minutely examined by engineers and philosophers of all kinds; and the most unreasonable sceptics have been compelled to acknowledge the justness of its principles, as well as the energy of its operations. The active and inventive mind of Mr. Perkins, however, did not remain satisfied with this experiment. He has discovered a method, which we consider equal in value to his new engine, by which he can convey the benefit of his original principle to steam-engines of the old construction; and this has been recently succeeded, we are told, by a most extraordinary discovery, that the same heat may be made to perform its part more than once, in the active operations of the engine.

In order to convey to our readers some idea of these great inventions, we have obtained a drawing, made by M. Montgolfier, jun. and given in the Plate, which, though it does not represent the actual machine, yet contains such a view of its parts as is necessary for understanding its principle.

The generator, which supplies the place of the boiler in ordinary steam-engines, is a cylinder ABCD, made of gun-metal, which is

more tenacious, and less liable to oxidation, than any other. The metal is about three inches thick; and the vessel, containing eight gallons of water, is closed at both ends, with the exception of the five openings for tubes, shown in the figure. The generator is placed vertically in a cylindrical furnace EF, whose chimney is G, the heat being sustained by a pair of bellows H, wrought by the engine, and conveying its blast in the direction IK to F. A heat of from 400° to 450° of Fahrenheit is thus applied to the generator, which is entirely filled with water. The valves in the tubes *m*, *n*, which are steel cylinders working in hollow steel-pipes, are loaded, the one with 37, and the other with 35 atmospheres; so that none of them can rise till the heat creates a force greater than the least of these weights.

Let us now suppose, that, by means of the compressing pump L, whose handle M is wrought by the engine, water is forced into the generator; this opens the valve above *n*, loaded with 35 atmospheres, and instantly a portion of the heated and compressed water *flashes* out in the form of steam of high elasticity, and of a temperature of 420° ; and communicating by the steam-pipe 2, 2, 2, with the valve-box V, it enters the cylinder PP, lying horizontally, and gives motion to its piston PQ, which performs 200 strokes in a minute, and drives a crank R, which gives a rotatory motion to a fly-wheel, as seen in the figure.* When the eduction-valve is opened, the steam, after having produced its stroke, is carried by the eduction-pipe 3, 3, 3, into the condenser STXV, where it is condensed into water at a temperature of about 320° , and under a pressure of 5 atmospheres; from thence, by the pipe 6, 6, 6, it is drawn into the pump L, whence it is forced along the pipe 4, 4, 4, to the generator, thus performing a complete circuit.

The forcing-pump acts with a pressure exceeding 35 atmospheres; consequently, when the water received in it from the condenser is urged into the generator, it must expel a portion equal to itself in volume: this portion, as above described, flashes instantly into highly elastic steam. The forcing-pump, too, is so contrived as to act with a steady force, and, consequently, the expelled water must be driven from the generator in a steady current, and thus steam of a constant elasticity is supplied to produce the power.

Some philosophers are of opinion, that the heat of the portion of water which escapes, is of itself sufficient to maintain the steam at that high degree of heat and elasticity with which it reaches the piston; and, consequently, that this engine is nothing more than a High Pressure Engine. Other persons, however, have supposed, and we confess we are among that number, that the portion of water which escapes, must necessarily carry off a quantity of heat from the adjoining stratum (the temperature of which *may be* thus reduced below the freezing point). But it is more likely, that, in

* The parallel motion represented at PQ, is not the correct one used by Mr. Perkins. The piston-rod is connected by a flexible joint, with a sort of carriage with four wheels at each end, and working in a strong horizontal box of steel.

virtue of some new law of the transmission of heat under the combined conditions of elevated temperature and high pressure, while the water, also, is forced to remain in contact with the red hot generator, the whole water in the boiler may be laid under requisition to furnish the discharged fluid with its necessary supply of caloric.

It is almost unnecessary to state, that the motion of the engine is produced by the difference in elasticity between the steam pressing on one side of the piston and that pressing on the other. In the first case, the steam recently produced, acts with a force, say of 500 lb. on the square inch, while that on the weak side, or that communicating with the condenser, acts with only 70, the difference, or 430 lb. being the true power gained.

When there is a surplus of water in the generator, occasioned either by working the forcing-pump too violently, or by too vehement a heat, the water will escape by the tube *m* with a valve above, loaded with 37 atmospheres, and will pass by the pipe 5, 5, 5, into the condenser STXV.

In order to explain the ingenious manner in which the pipe 4, 4, 4, supplies the generator with water, we must observe that this pipe communicates with the pump L, which is wrought by the engine. This pump draws the water by the pipe 6, 6, 6, from the condenser STXV, and returns it by the pipe 4, 4, 4; that is to say, when the handle M is drawn up, the water rushes into the cylinder of the forcing-pump, through a valve in the pipe 6, 6, 6, opening *into* that cylinder: This valve, of course, instantly closes when the downward stroke of the pump is made, and the water now escapes through a valve opening *outwards*, along 4, 4, 4; thus effectually cutting off all direct or uninterrupted communication between the generator and the condenser. In order to keep the water in the condenser at a pressure of five atmospheres, the blast of the bellows H goes round the condenser STXV; but, when it is not sufficient for this purpose, cold water is introduced from the reservoir Z, by means of the pipe 7, 7, 7, loaded with five atmospheres.

From the high elasticity of the steam employed in this engine, it has been supposed to be very liable to explosion. This, however, is a vulgar error. Since there is no reservoir of steam exposing a large surface to its expansive force, as in the common high pressure engines, the steam being generated only in sufficient quantity to produce each succeeding stroke of the piston, the ordinary source of danger is entirely removed. But, in order to take away all apprehensions on that subject, the induction pipe 2, 2, 2, in which the steam is actually generated, is made so strong as to sustain an internal force of *four thousand* pounds on the square inch, which is *eight* times more powerful than the actual pressure, viz. 500 pounds on the square inch, with which the engine works. This enormous superabundance of strength is still farther secured by means of the safety-pipe 8, 8, 8, provided with

a thin copper "safety-bulb" *ab*, which is made so as to burst at a pressure of 1000 pounds on the square inch. In order to satisfy his friends on this very important point, Mr. Perkins has repeatedly urged the power of the steam to such a degree as to burst the copper bulb in their presence. This tube merely rends, or is torn asunder like a piece of paper, and occasions no injury either to the spectators, or to the apparatus; so that we have no hesitation in considering this engine, notwithstanding its tremendous energies, much more safe in its operations than even the common low pressure engine.

The safety tube *8, 8, 8*, communicates also with the indicator *ed*, having a dial-plate *ce*, and an index *ef*, which, by means of a suitable contrivance at *v, v*, indicates the pressure or number of atmospheres with which the engine is working.

The cylinder and piston *PPQ*, have been separated from the rest of the engine, for the sake of distinctness. Their proper position, however, will be understood by supposing the two lines *9, 9; 99* to coincide.

The engine which we have now described, is at present performing actual work in Mr. Perkins's manufactory. It is calculated as equal to a ten-horse power, though the cylinder is no more than 2 inches in diameter, and 18 inches long, with a stroke of only 12 inches. Although the space occupied by the engine is not greater than 6 feet by 8, yet Mr. Perkins considers that the apparatus (with the exception of the working cylinder *PP*, and piston *PQ*,) is perfectly sufficient for a 30-horse engine. When the engine performs full work, it consumes only *two* bushels of coal in the day.

On the application of Mr. Perkins's principle to Steam-Engines of the old Construction.

Great as the invention is which we have now described, yet we are disposed to think that the application of the principle to old steam engines is not less important.* When we consider the enormous capital which is at present embodied in Great Britain in the substantial form of steam-engines, and the admirable elegance and skill with which these noble machines impel and regulate the vast population of wheels and pinions over which they reign, we feel as if some vast innovation were proposed upon our established usages, by the introduction of Mr. Perkins's engine. The very idea that these potentates of the mechanical world should be displaced from their thrones; that their strongholds should be dismantled; their palaces demolished, and their whole affairs placed under a more economical management, is somewhat startling to those who dread change, and admire institutions that both work and wear well. Mr. Perkins, however, has saved them from such

* This invention appears to have been fully established by direct experiment, whereas the *new engine*, with all its great promise, is still only undergoing trial.

a degradation. He has allowed them to retain all their honours and privileges, and proposes only to invigorate them with fresh influence and power.

In this new system, *the old engines, with their boilers, are retained unaltered.* The furnaces alone are removed. Mr. Perkins constructs a generator consisting of three horizontal tubes of gun-metal, connected together, filled with water, and supplied with water from a forcing-pump, as in his own engine. This generator is exposed to heat in an analogous manner, so that, by means of a loaded valve, which opens and shuts, the red hot fluid may be constrained till forced out of the generator into the water in the boilers of Bolton and Watt. By this means, as much low pressure steam of four pounds on the square inch may be generated by *one* bushel of coals, as could be produced in the old engine by *nine* bushels. This most important result, was obtained by actual experiment.

Since these great improvements have been effected, Mr. Perkins has made a discovery that seems, in its practical importance, to surpass them all. He now entirely dispenses with the use of the condenser, and works the engine against the atmosphere alone; and by methods with which we are not acquainted, and which indeed it would not be prudent for him to disclose at present, he is enabled to *arrest the heat after it has performed its mechanical functions, and actually pump it back to the generator, to unite with a fresh portion of water, and renew its useful labours.* In an operation like this, a considerable portion of the heat must still be lost, but the wonder is that any should be saved; and we venture to say, that the most sanguine speculator on the omnipotence of the steam engine, never dared even to imagine the possibility of such an invention.

We are well aware, that, in announcing this discovery, we are exposing ourselves to the criticisms of those whose belief is naturally limited by their own experience; but it is satisfactory to know, that Captain Basil Hall, (whose account of Mr. Perkins's discoveries and inventions, as delivered before the Royal Society of Edinburgh, gave such universal satisfaction,) has been entrusted with Mr. Perkins's discovery, and that he speaks confidently of the soundness of its principles, as well as the practicability of its application.*

We cannot quit this subject, without congratulating the country on the brilliant prospects with which these inventions promise to invest all our national concerns. At any period of the history of

* After the 10th June, Mr. Perkins, whose address is Perkins and Company, 41, Water Lane, Fleet Street, is ready to take orders for his New Engines, and his apparatus for producing low pressure steam for working the ordinary engines. The price, we believe, of the new engine, is only half that of Bolton and Watt's, with *one-third* of the savings of fuel for a period of years, which we have not heard stated.

British industry, they must have excited the highest expectations but, originating as they have done, when our commerce, our manufactures, and our agriculture, the three stars of our national prosperity, have just passed the lowest point of their orbit, and quitted, we trust for long, the scene of their disturbing forces, we cannot but hail them with the liveliest enthusiasm, and regard them as contributing, to ensure the pre-eminence of our industry, to augment the wealth and resources of the nation, and, by giving employment to idle hands, and direction to idle minds, to secure the integrity and the permanence of our national institutions.*

ATLAS OF THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE.

The new atlas of the Empire of Russia, the Kingdom of Poland, and the Grand Duchy of Finland, is now finished. This work, completed under the direction of Colonel Pladischef, is magnificently engraved, and consists of seventy plates, in large folio.—See *Journal des Voyages*, vol. xvii. p. 144.

FROM THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE.

Characteristics: in the manner of Rochefoucault's Maxims.—12mo. pp. 152. London, 1823. Simpkin & Marshall.

THE standard popularity of Rochefoucault, and the more recent success of Lacon, in our own language, have probably incited to the production of these *Characteristics*. Nor is the author unworthy of following in the train of sages who endeavour by antithesis and aphorisms to impress opinions, truths, and wholesome lessons more forcibly on the mind. There are, indeed, some of his statements to which we cannot assent, and some of his conclusions from which we must dissent: his style is not always the most effective, and there are certain prejudices manifest, both national and particular, which detract from the weight of the maxims; but still the observations are generally those of a sensible and acute man, conversant with the world, and often drawing illustrations from a knowledge of the fine arts, a student in "the noblest study of mankind," and altogether a person of good moral feeling; and his little volume, partaking of these attributes, is well worth a favourable reception. We select a few brief examples:

"We are more jealous of frivolous accomplishments with brilliant success, than of the most estimable qualities without it. Dr.

* It is due to the truth and the candour of philosophical history, to mention, that Mr. Perkins is not our countryman; but the age of jealousy against America has happily gone past, and we hail, with sincere pleasure, any circumstance which contributes to the scientific renown of our great descendants, and companions in freedom and intelligence.

Johnson envied Garrick whom he despised, and ridiculed Goldsmith whom he loved.

“The wish is often ‘father to the thought:’ but we are quite as apt to believe what we dread as what we hope.

“If a man is disliked by one woman, he will succeed with none. The sex (one and all) have the same secret, or *free-masonry*, in judging of men.

“A man who is always defending his friends from the most trifling charges, will be apt to make other people their enemies.

“It is well that there is no one without a fault; for he would not have a friend in the world. He would seem to belong to a different species.

“Persons who pique themselves on their understanding are frequently reserved and haughty: persons who aim at wit are generally courteous and sociable. Those who depend at every turn on the applause of the company, must endeavour to conciliate the good opinion of others by every means in their power.

‘A jest’s prosperity lies in the ear
Of him who hears it.’

If a habit of jesting lowers a man, it is to the level of humanity. Wit nourishes vanity; reason has a much stronger tincture of pride in it.

“The public have neither shame nor gratitude.

“It is wonderful how soon men acquire talents for offices of trust and importance. The higher the situation, the higher the opinion it gives us of ourselves; and as is our confidence, so is our capacity. We *assume* an equality with circumstances.

“As we scorn them who scorn us, so the contempt of the world (not seldom) makes men proud.

“One of the painters (Teniers) has represented monkeys with a monk’s cloak and cowl. This has a ludicrous effect enough. To a superior race of beings the pretensions of mankind to extraordinary sanctity and virtue must seem equally ridiculous.

“I had rather be deformed, than a dwarf and well-made. The one may be attributed to accident; the other looks like a deliberate insult on the part of nature.

“Many people in reasoning on the passions make a continual appeal to common sense. But passion is without common sense, and we must frequently discard the one in speaking of the other.

“Those only deserve a monument who do not need one; that is, who have raised themselves a monument in the minds and memories of men.

“Women have as little imagination as they have reason. They are pure egotists. They cannot go out of themselves. There is no instance of a woman having done any thing great in poetry or philosophy. They can act tragedy, because this depends very much on the physical expression of the passions—they can sing,

for they have flexible throats and nice ears—they can write romances about love—and talk for ever about nothing.

“Women are not philosophers or poets, patriots, moralists, or politicians—they are simply women.”

Fi done! Mr. Philosopher, what will the ladies think of you? It is well for you we do not quote your opinion of the Scotch, or you would have a People as well as a Sex among your enemies.

Extracts from Poems Dramatic and Miscellaneous, by HENRY NEELE.

—————I'll trust
To hope for once: I know her light-built nest
Weathers a thousand storms, which fear or foresight
Had vainly battled with. When the great ship
Sinks in the ocean depths, the gentle halcyon
In safety builds upon the reeling wave,
And slumbers through the tempest.

—————
Old age is honourable. The spirit seems
Already on its flight to brighter worlds;
And that strange change which men miscall decay
Is renovated life. The feeble voice
With which the soul attempts to speak its meanings,
Is, like the skylark's note, heard faintest when
Its wing soars highest; and those hoary signs,
Those white and reverend locks, which move the scorn
Of thoughtless ribalds, seem to me like snow
Upon an Alpine summit,—only proving
How near it is to heaven.

—————
'Tis ever so; for on the sands of life
Sorrow treads heavily, and leaves a print
Time cannot wash away; while Joy trips by,
With step so light and soft, that the next wave
Wears his faint footfalls out.

—————I tell thee, Rizzio,
The frigid and unfeeling thrive the best;
And a warm heart, in this cold world, is like
A beacon-light, wasting its feeble flame
Upon the wintry deep that feels it not,
And trembling with each pitiless gust that blows,
Till its faint fire is spent.

—————I spake no word—
Inferior joys live but by utterance,
But rapture is born dumb.

—————They little know
Man's heart, and the intenseness of its passions,
Who judge from outward symbols. Lightest griefs
Are easiest discern'd, as shallow brooks
Show every pebble in their troubled currents,
While deeper streams flow smooth as glass above
Mightiest impediments, and yield no trace
Of that which is beneath them.

Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

Don Juan, Cantos VI. VII. VIII.—This little book purposes to be a continuation of Lord Byron's often beautiful and thoroughly licentious poem; and, we believe, it is his Lordship's; yet, "what a falling off is here!" We do not care for the price, one shilling, put on, as the puffs tell, to revenge the noble Lord on the judgment of the Lord Chancellor, and make the learned Lord wince on the woolsock, while the poetical Lord disseminates his brothel chants unchecked; but either satiety has supervened from the too frequent dosing of the sensual Muse, or his Lordship, late of Pisa, has lost all his powers except those of over-grossness and indecency. We know that a common sense of propriety is called cant, and an ordinary feeling of taste hypocrisy, by Lord Byron and his pitiable suite; but, without pretending to any virtue or refinement beyond the merest links of either, by which men may be bound to society and literature, we will fearlessly say, that the present publication is more degrading in subject, and more humbling in talent, than it is paltry in price. We would even for a moment allow that the theme of Canto VI. was approachable with any thing like the noble sentiments of a man, instead of being, as it is, the gloating brutality of a wretched debauchee; and then, we would ask, what man would choose to wallow in the sty of his own luxury, in words and in description, like a drivelling dotard; and how any one could fancy that the ideas on such affairs were communicable to others, so as to excite a single agreeable emotion? Why, the veriest profligate that ever existed, if he has the least understanding, must know that what might delight him in vice cannot gratify another by report. We are thus only arguing the question as a matter of taste: as a moral vomit we shall leave it untouched between the author and a sickened public.—*Lit. Gaz.*

Sketches in Bedlam; or Characteristic Traits of Insanity, as displayed in the Cases of One Hundred and Forty Patients of both Sexes, now or recently confined in New Bethlem, &c.—We know not when our indignation has been so strongly excited as by this volume. The painful, indecent, and disgusting nature of its contents; the light, ludicrous, and ribald tone in which the calamities it unfolds are treated; the outrage upon society generally, and upon private feelings, in the disclosures which it makes; its impropriety, its shocking details, its filth, its obscenity, are altogether so revolting to humanity, that we are alike surprised at the conception of the subject, and at its being carried into effect. Who the author is we know not; but belonging as he must do (from the intelligence he possesses) to the Establishment, it is lamentable that he should have been allowed to commit so heinous a breach of trust, and not been forbid to tell the secrets of that prison-house, whose tale does harrow up the soul. He has been guilty of a grievous offence; for it is in vain to pretend that such descriptions of the odious habits, wild discourses, impious delusions, and lewd fancies of a hundred wretched maniacs could yield the slightest data for the treatment of the disease. No, the work is gotten up for no good or useful purpose; it may in a few instances gratify depraved tastes, or feed an abominable curiosity, but it is at once a revolting book, a disgrace to the Institution from which it emanates, and a shameful violence upon public sense, decency, and feeling.—*Lit. Gaz.*

The Deaf-and-Dumb Establishment at Paris has, since the death of the celebrated Abbé Sicard, been very successfully superintended by M. Paulnier. The replies made by the pupils to the questions put to them by strangers, are occasionally very interesting. On one of them being asked to define courage, he replied, "Courage is that strength of soul which persists in braving the dangers and the evils of life, even at the expense of our glory." A similar question being put to another, with respect to the nature of poetry, his answer was, "Poetry paints all that it sees, and adorns all that it paints."

A Visit to Spain; detailing the Transactions which occurred in that Country, in the latter part of 1822, and the first Four Months of 1823. With an Account of the Removal of the Court from Madrid to Seville: and general Notices of the Manners, &c. of the Country.—If intelligence in observing, impartiality in delineating, and a pleasant style in describing, be the requisites of an entertaining volume of travels, the author of the *Visit to Spain* has produced a work eminently entitled to that distinc-

tion. We do not know when we have journeyed with a more acceptable companion—one of whom we may say, as he does of some chance associates on his route to Seville, "we happened to harmonize admirably, and we might have travelled to China without feeling any other desire than that of rendering the way as mutually agreeable as possible." (p. 297.) Indeed, Mr. Quin appears to have hit the right medium:—he is neither too general nor too minute;—he does not repeat things which all his precursors have told, but, even in going over beaten ground, seizes some new features to mark his course;—and he has so happily mixed his accounts of the Spanish politics (peculiarly interesting at this period,) with his general remarks on the national character and customs (at all times interesting), that we hardly know whether to prize his publication chiefly for its valuable view of objects of immediate curiosity, or for its more lasting merits.—*Lit. Gaz.*

Nathan Rosenfield, a Jew merchant of Warsaw, has written a history of Poland, in Hebrew.

A verse translation of Sir Walter Scott's *Lady of the Lake* has just been published at Palermo.

Will be published soon, *Observations made during a Residence in the Tarentaise and various Parts of the Grecian and Pennine Alps, in Savoy, and in Switzerland and Auvergne, in the Years 1820, 1821, and 1822, with Remarks on the present State of Society, Manners, Religion, Agriculture, Climate, &c.* By Robert Bakewell, Esq. In 2 vols. 8vo. illustrated with Plates, &c. &c.

"*Seventy-Six*," by the author of *Lagan*, pretends to have been first printed at Baltimore, but is known here only as a London publication. It purports to be the narrative of an old man, to his children, of certain scenes during the American contest for independence, wherein, as a warrior, he performed a part. The tale involves the fortunes of two families. It is rude and boisterous; every chapter being covered with blood, or heaving with the throes of lacerated flesh. The style, too, is affectedly precipitous; and its metaphors as incongruous as those of the poets of the Lakes. In addition to the regularly-formed oaths, which are very numerous, the name of God is invoked in every page; and in such a manner as to make it difficult to discover whether the author meant to pray or to swear.—*Monthly Mag.*

A reprint of Warton's *History of English Poetry*, in four large volumes, octavo, is nearly ready for publication. It embraces a large body of notes, written by the late Dr. Ashby, the late Mr. Ritson, F. Douce, esq. and other eminent antiquaries; together with the copious illustrations and additions of Thomas Park, esq. The specimens of poetry have all been collated with the original manuscripts, or editions of acknowledged merit, and the numerous errors arising from inattention at the press, or in transcribing the author's copy, have been carefully corrected; while no alteration has been permitted in the text.

Berthollet on Dyeing, translated from the last Parisian edition, with notes and illustrations, is preparing by Andrew Ure, M.D. F.R.S. in two volumes, octavo.

Illustrations of Shakspeare's Dramas, consisting of 111 fine engravings, all from pictures by T. Stothard, esq. R.A. in the possession of Mr. Tegg, are in forwardness.

Three new journals have appeared at St. Petersburg since the 1st of January last. The first is entitled "*Archives of the North*," and is devoted to history, political economy, voyages and travels, and a brief bibliography. The second appears every fortnight, under the title of "*Literary Supplement*," &c. The third is in the German language, (the two former are in the Russian,) treating of letters, sciences, the fine arts; and appears every Saturday.

At Leipsic, in Saxony, the number of pupils at the University, during the last winter six months, amounted to 1102: among whom, in theology were 480; in jurisprudence, 381; in medicine, 163; and in philology, 74. There was afterwards a further augmentation of fifty-one pupils.

The public journals now publishing at Lisbon are as follows:—

1. The *Diario des Cortez*. This is especially appropriated to the sittings and proceedings of the Cortez.
2. *Las Actas das Cortez* contains the official acts of that legislative Assembly.
3. *Il Diario di Governo*; which contains public news and intelligence of an official character.
4. The *Regulator*, a French journal.

5. *Il Campian Portugues*, a political journal.
6. *Il Portugues Constitutional*.
7. *Trobetta* (the Trumpet), an opposition journal.
8. *Cidadao Portugues* (the Portuguese Citizen), a political journal.
9. *The Citizen Artist* a political journal.

In consequence of an attack in a late number of the *Quarterly Review* upon the character and conduct of the late Sir George Prevost, a volume has been published by his friends under the title of "*Some Account of the Public Life of the late Lieut. Gen. Sir George Prevost, Bart., particularly of his Services in the Canadas.*"

There have been issued *first* volumes of two new works of Natural Philosophy: one by Professor Millington of London, the other by Professor Leslie of Edinburgh.

The *Orlando Furioso*, translated into English Verse, from the Italian of Ludovico Ariosto, with Notes, has been just published by William Stewart Rose.

Sir Richard Phillips is about to put to press, a new edition of his *Essays on the proximate Causes of the Phenomena of the Universe*.

Mark Macrabin the Cameronian, a tale, by Allan Cunningham, author of "*Sir Marmaduke Maxwell*," &c. is printing.

In a few days will be published, in three volumes, the *Wandering Hermit*, by the author of "*The Hermit in London*."

Captain A. Cruise, of the 84th regiment, has in the press, a *Journal of a Ten Months' Residence in New Zealand*, which will appear next month in an octavo volume.

The Rev. G. Wilkins, author of the "*History of the Destruction of Jerusalem*," &c. will shortly publish, *An Antidote to the Poison of Scepticism*.

The Bible, the New Testament, and the Common-Prayer Book, are printing at London in the German language.

The author of the "*Farner's Boy*," is about to reappear in a small work, entitled *Hazelwood Hall*, a drama, in three acts, interspersed with songs.

Mr. Landseer, the engraver, has in the press, *Sabæan Researches*, in a series of essays, addressed to distinguished antiquaries; illustrated with engravings of Babylonian cylinders, and other incited monuments of antiquity.

T. W. Kaye, esq. will shortly publish, *A Compendious Saxon and English Dictionary*.

Preparing for publication, *An Account of the Life and Writings of the late Thomas Brown, M.D.* Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. By the Rev. David Welch, Minister of Crossmichael.

In the press, and speedily will be published in one volume 8vo., *An Account of the American Baptist Mission to the Burman Empire, in a Series of Letters, addressed to a Gentleman in London.* By Ann H. Judson.

The increasing ardour with which the study of Oriental literature is pursued in Germany, has encouraged Mr. G. W. Freytag to announce the speedy publication of an Arabic dictionary, which, without being too extensive, may suffice for general use. He will suppress what is useless in the *Lexicon of Golius*, arrange the rest more methodically, and correct what is inaccurate. He will endeavour to unite, in the smallest compass possible, all that is necessary for the understanding of the Arabic authors; but he will not enter into the explanation of difficult passages.

A question which has long been a subject of great interest in Germany is, the piracy of literary property, which is even encouraged in some of the states by letters patent. Numerous writers have declaimed against this violation of the rights of property, but no satisfactory remedy has yet been proposed: though it has been repeatedly discussed in the German diet, that assembly has not yet agreed on any means, to prevent works published in one of the states of the confederation, from

being immediately pirated in another. Now, however, a Mr. L. F. Griesinger has published a pamphlet, in which he maintains the very singular opinion, that all kinds of literary piracy ought to be permitted. He considers the laws which prohibit it as remains of the feudal system; and literary property is, in his eyes, a monopoly. He particularly supports his opinion by the fact, that the Greeks and Romans never hindered any body from copying books when they had once been made public by the author.

Many of the literati of the Russian empire are now much engaged with the history of the Mongols and Tartars. Count Romanzof is printing *Abulghasi Bachdurehans*, that is, a genealogy of the Turks in Kasan; a book hitherto known only in some very indifferent German, Russian, and French translations. Mr. Chalfin, at Kasan, is preparing an edition of *Gengis Chan* and *Tamerlane*, two works of which no part has yet been published, except some fragments in an essay: *De origine vocabuli Dengi et de Bularie Urbis origine*. At St. Petersburg, Mr. Charmoy, professor of the Persian language, is employed on a history of Mongols and Tartars, in Persian and French. The sources from which he has drawn are, *Raschid Eddin*, *Mirachoud Chondemir* and *Abd-ur-Rassak*. Mr. Schmidt is also writing a history of the same people, but he takes Mongol authorities for the basis of his work. Mr. Frähn has been engaged upon an important work upon the Mahometan coins, in the Russian-Asiatic museum. The two following works have also appeared from the same indefatigable pen: *Schem Eddin Muhamedis Demasceni Mirabilia Mundi selecta e Codd. Petrop. &c.* and *Ahmed-Ibn-Foulans*, that is, A Picture of Manners and Customs of the Russians at the Commencement of the Tenth Century. The translation is opposite to the text, and critical and literary remarks by the author are added in the Russian.

The French public is as eager after the productions of Sir Walter Scott, as the English, and means are taken to publish them at Paris almost as soon as at Edinburgh. The Parisian critics say, that in placing the scene of his latest production in France, he has only paid a debt of gratitude to the French, who are his ardent admirers.

The French journals speak in high terms of a Dictionary of the Language of Oratory and Poetry, by Mr. J. Planché. M. Solvet, a young author, has translated from the German of the celebrated Professor Meiners, of Gottingen, the History of Luxury amongst the Athenians, from the most ancient Times to the Death of Philip of Macedon. He has annexed to it a treatise, by the Abbé Nadal, on the Luxury of the Roman Ladies; first published in the Memoirs of the Academy of Inscriptions. The 19th Livraison of the chefs d'œuvres of the Foreign Stage is taken up with the Portuguese theatre. The volume contains Inez de Castro, by Gomes; the Conquest of Peru, by Pimenta de Aguiar; the Character of the Lusitanians, a national tragedy, by the same author; and the Life of the great Don Quixotte, by Antonio Jozé.

Messrs. Say and Jouy, who have been imprisoned in St. Pelagie, have employed the leisure so kindly afforded them, in composing a work which contains, it is reported, a very piquant and varied picture of the several parts of that prison, which is divided into four distinct sections, viz. Corridor de la Dette, de la Politique, de la Detention, et des Enfants. The title is *Les Ermites en Prison, ou Consolations de S. Pelagie*; it is said to be full of interesting details and curious anecdotes, 2 vols. one of which is published.

M. Champollion, jun. well known by his discoveries relative to the Egyptian hieroglyphic writing, has announced his intention of publishing a work, to be called the Egyptian Pantheon, consisting of 200 plates, and about 450 pages of letterpress, in 4to. to be divided into about thirty or thirty-five numbers.

[*London Magazine.*]